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THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs

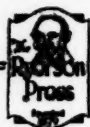


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CONTENTS

| | |
|--|--------------------------|
| COVER DESIGN - - - - | Thoreau MacDonald |
| WAR-SHIPS AND FOOD-SHIPS - | Richard de Brisay |
| NOTES AND COMMENT - - - - | |
| O CANADA - - - - - | F. H. U. |
| FORECAST: FAIR AND MILD - - | Helen Lawrence |
| THE PLEBISCITE—A LA NOVA SCOTIA - | Observer |
| THIS INSUBSTANTIAL PAGEANT - | Edgar McInnis |
| SCIENCE—THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE - - - - - | S. Basterfield |
| ART GALLERY NOTES - - - - | Arthur Lismer |
| GULLS AT HOME - - - - | Erica Selfridge |
| PORTION OF YOUR BREATH - - - | Leo Kennedy |
| SONNET WRITTEN IN A CHURCH - | George Walton |
| THE NEW WRITERS—RICHARD HUGHES - | John Linnell |
| PREFERENCES - - - - | Inconstant Reader |
| PASSING RAIN - - - - | Elizabeth Wyn Wood |
| THE ACADEMY SHOW - - - - | A. V. Thomson |
| BOOKS - - - - - | |
| THE READER'S FORUM - - - - | |
| THE LITTLE THEATRES - | Edited by R. Keith Hicks |

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WAR-SHIPS AND FOOD-SHIPS

THE Five-Power Naval Conference which will meet in London on January 21 is the first material result of the new Anglo-American understanding, and the measure of its success will be an indication of the effective power for world peace wielded by the English-speaking peoples in co-operation. There are two good reasons to hope that some agreement will be reached of real value to the cause of disarmament: in the first place, as the British Prime Minister said in a much-misquoted passage of his Ottawa speech, we know that in this case there will be no disagreement between the two greatest naval Powers to prevent a world agreement, and in the second place the delegates at the Conference table will be civilian Ministers and diplomats of the Governments concerned—Admirals being relegated to a purely advisory capacity. These are fair auspices, and they are rendered all the fairer by President Hoover's clear declaration in November that the United States is prepared to reduce her navy to whatever extent other nations will go; but while the obstacles that wrecked the last Naval Conference have been cleared away, new ones have developed or become visible which have tempered the optimism of both British and American observers. Japan's demand for a 10-10-7 ratio in cruisers instead of the 5-5-3 ratio favoured by Britain and the United States should be capable of adjustment without too much difficulty; but the problems raised by the claims of France and Italy may prove harder nuts to crack.

* * *

THE submarine question is bound to be a bone of contention between the Latins and the Anglo-Saxons, for the British Premier and the American President in their joint statement from Washington reasserted their peoples' opposition on

principle to the use of submarines at all, while the French and Italians stick to their submerged guns and maintain that it would be manifestly unfair that they should be deprived of this arm, which they protest is purely defensive in character and vital to countries with little to spend on naval armaments and with long coast-lines to protect. For a defensive weapon the latest French submarine has peculiar characteristics, mounting a battery of 5.5 guns in addition to her thirty torpedoes, having a cruising radius of 30,000 miles, and being equipped with a sea-plane with which to find her enemy. But beyond this submarine question there rises the matter of Franco-Italian parity claimed by Italy and opposed by France on the grounds that whereas Italy has only a Mediterranean coast-line to guard, she has coasts to defend on the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Channel, as well as African and Asiatic colonies to protect whose trade routes must be guarded. Again, since the British Empire's security depends on Great Britain's navy, Britain must ensure the safety of her communications from Gibraltar to the China Sea, which means that she must have a naval strength superior to that of France and Italy together. Thus the situation comes down to this: the Americans and the British having agreed on parity, and both wishing to keep their navies down to the lowest possible limits, the size of these two greatest navies must be largely determined by the British requirements in view of the strength of European navies; the strength of the French navy evidently will depend on that of the Italian, whether Franco-Italian parity is agreed upon or not; and the strength of the Italian navy is entirely a matter for Mussolini to decide. So we can expect one of the main features of the Conference (behind the scenes if not in the plenary sessions) to be a tussle between the Anglo-Saxons and Mussolini, and we are tempted to advise the British to appoint Mr. Snowden as one of their delegates.

THE spirit in which the Latins approach the Conference is the most important factor in the situation. Up to the time of writing their attitude has been enigmatic, and we can only surmise the extent to which practical considerations will temper national sentiment and ambitions. The only recent change in Italy's interior politics has been Il Duce's relinquishment of half a dozen portfolios to various Ministers, which indicates that he is more confident than ever of his absolute control of the nation. Mussolini is Italy, and his moods are unpredictable; but he is a hard-headed man who must realize that his country cannot morally afford to obstruct a world movement towards disarmament any more than she could afford financially to indulge in a naval race for dominance of the Mediterranean. In France the state of affairs is very different; the hold of M. Tardieu's Government on the country is still precarious, and the French attitude at the Conference table will be heavily influenced by home politics. It was because M. Briand went further in concessions to the Germans and English at The Hague than the Deputies of the Right considered safe that these Deputies combined with the extreme Left to wreck his Government in October. Their action appeared to be dictated more by spite than reason at the time, since a Government of the Left seemed to be its inevitable consequence; but the protracted crisis ended after all with the formation of M. Tardieu's Ministry of the Centre, depending for its life upon the Right. M. Briand is again Foreign Minister, but on sufferance of the Right—and woe betide him and Tardieu, too, if in this next Conference they should make concessions to foreigners that would in Nationalist eyes imperil the interests of France. On the other hand, in spite of the propaganda of certain groups for reviving the glories of France's navy, national opinion is still chiefly concerned with the eastern frontiers and the land armaments necessary to defend them. And the thrifty *bourgeois* in every Department of the Republic is sick of taxation. If MM. Tardieu and Briand could offer as a result of the Conference a saving in naval expenditure without any loss of national prestige or of proportionate naval strength as compared with other Powers, they might score a distinct success. But even M. Briand cannot be expected to make any concession of principle on the submarine, for he knows that if he tackles the submarine his frail bark will be sunk without trace on the political waters.

* * *

ON the submarine question it is only natural that France should be more opposed than Italy to the Anglo-American attitude. France is the Power which Italy must chiefly consider in practical calculations on naval armaments, and as between France and Italy the submarine gives neither any great advantage over the other—if submarines were abolished, Italy's strength as compared with France's would not be seriously affected nor would she lose a weapon that gave her any peculiar diplomatic advantage. But just as Italy must consider France first in her naval calculations, so must France consider England. Since France's land armaments must be maintained on a scale vastly greater than England's, she cannot hope to have the naval parity with the

English that the Americans can afford; the submarine is the only substitute which can give her a curb on England, and she does not intend to abandon it until the millenium has dawned. Since the Washington Conference France has developed her submarine fleet until today she has about a hundred built and building. During the late war Germany never had more than thirty submarines at sea, and most of them were primitive, cranky craft, infinitely less deadly than the modern type; yet they sank eight million tons of Allied shipping and came within an ace of starving the English into surrender. It is therefore as easy to understand the French faith in this weapon as the English abhorrence of it. If at the Conference the English and Americans press even for the rigid limitation of the submarine, the French will urge the same objection that the Americans made to the Anglo-French cruiser proposals of last year—that the other Powers are trying to force upon them the limitation of the one type of ship that suits their peculiar needs. But there is a vast difference between cruisers and submarines, for submarines can only operate effectively by disregarding the rules of war and the dictates of humanity. This makes the submarine question a peculiarly prickly subject for discussion between friendly Powers.

* * *

UNDER the circumstances we can expect the Conference to be protracted and it is already predicted that it will last until Easter. However small its material results may be, it can hardly be a complete failure so long as the British and Americans stick to their own new understanding; and the cordiality engendered by their delegates working together under difficulties for a common aim should be a precious asset in itself. But if things go well and the delegates are able to hammer out a formula for reduction and limitation that all Five Powers can agree to, the achievement will be immense. Naval limitation is only one phase of the world movement towards security, which also demands limitation of land and air armaments, the construction of an effective arbitration fabric, the writing of a new international sea law, and the buttressing of the Kellogg Pact so as to provide an effective deterrent to aggressor nations. All these great problems are interlocked and interdependent; any advance made towards the solution of one brings that of the others nearer; and the goodwill created among the nations by an agreement on one point can be applied to the settlement of the next. A success on the part of the Naval Conference should bring us and the Latins nearer a general agreement on the limitation of land and air armaments, and it should bring the British and Americans closer to agreement on the vital question of the Freedom of the Seas.

* * *

THE international debate on this matter of sea rights was formally opened by President Hoover in his speech on November 11, in which he made the suggestion to the world that food-ships in any future war should be placed in the same category as hospital ships and be exempt from blockade. Mr. Hoover, influenced by his experience in relief work

during the war, took the ground that 'the time has come when we should remove starvation of women and children from the weapons of warfare,' and gave practical reasons to support a proposal which he frankly admitted had been inspired by sentiment:—

The rapid growth of industrial civilization during the past half-century has created in many countries populations far in excess of their domestic food supply and thus steadily weakened their natural defences. As a consequence, protection for overseas or imported supplies has been one of the most impelling causes of increasing naval armaments and military alliances. Again, in countries which produce surplus food, their economic stability is also to a considerable degree dependent upon keeping open the avenues of their trade in the export of such surplus, and this again stimulates armament on their part to protect such outlets.

This suggestion of the American President has had a mixed reception abroad. According to 'Pertinax' it positively stupefied the French, and while the English maintained their sang-froid they were clearly taken aback by a proposal so utterly radical in its nature. The right of naval blockade is the most powerful weapon in Britain's armoury, and to accept this American proposal would apparently take the edge off it for good and all. It is no wonder that conservative Englishmen are shaken by such an idea or that the Continentals are looking to the English to save them the awkwardness of having to quash this naïve transatlantic suggestion. And yet, there is another side to the matter which all progressive Englishmen must consider—a side for which the arguments are so strong as to outweigh all the old arguments against any relinquishment of blockade rights. Of all the nations England is the one which has been most affected by the changed conditions outlined in President Hoover's words above; England is the most densely populated country in the world today, she can only produce a quarter of the food she needs, and is dependent on overseas supplies for the rest; her island position makes her more vulnerable to the submarine menace than any other Power; and if she were ever plunged into another great war, she might gain more by having her own food supplies secured than she would lose by letting food-ships reach her enemy. Again, if we consider this proposal with an eye to peculiarly Canadian interests, we see that it would mean in practice security for our food shipments to Britain.

* * *

THE great practical objection to Mr. Hoover's proposal, of course, is that once war is on the rules are always broken by the nation that first realizes it is fighting for its life. That is true; but at the same time it is no reason why the English should reject this new rule, for they could accept it in perfect good faith. In any future war England's navy could still be used effectively, for under modern conditions a nation at war needs oil and cotton and rubber and a dozen other materials as much as it needs wheat or meat, and most of the Great Powers would need overseas imports of those materials even more desperately than foodstuffs. England herself is the only Great Power that could be starved out in a month if her overseas food supplies were cut off; and if this new rule, of American origin, were written into international sea law and subsequently was broken by a nation at war with England, the Americans would

have even better cause to come in to the war on England's side than they had last time. The Continentals will be disappointed if they expect the English, especially under their present leadership, to take the responsibility for rejecting this American proposal. We feel confident it will have the very best consideration of His Majesty's Government; and we will be surprised if our own Government does not urge upon Downing Street the merits of a proposal which seems to promise more advantage to Canada and Great Britain than to any other two countries in the world.

* * *

AS for the incongruity of this suggestion for a new rule of war coming from the nation chiefly responsible for the Peace Pact renouncing war, it is more apparent than real. War might break out between two nations each claiming to be fighting in self-defence, and there is as yet no agreement between the nations of the world as to the definition and designation of an aggressor. The time will soon come, we hope, when such an agreement will be reached, and then the only great war conceivable will be a war in which world opinion will be mobilized against an aggressor. In that event the society of nations could probably afford to abstain from using starvation as a weapon, and if the common enemy used inhuman weapons to devastate her victims, the nations could immediately revoke any rules of war inspired by humane considerations. President Hoover's frank objection in his Armistice-Day speech to the military sanctions implied in the League Covenant has the weight of his country behind it; but his speech as a whole pledged his country's willingness to share with the League nations in evolving a constructive peace policy, and it encourages us to believe that the United States and the League can find common ground under the Peace Pact whereon to build new machinery of peace which will be effective through negative sanctions on which both can agree. Positive sanctions must be left to the future.

* * *

GENERAL SMUTS was the first British statesman to comment frankly on the American President's suggestions, and while he confessed himself doubtful as to the suggestion on food-ships, he found reason to think that on the question of security against an aggressor there was 'a middle way open which both the League members and the United States may follow without prejudice to their divergent viewpoints,' and that way would be found in following up the Kellogg Pact. That the American attitude is not so far removed from the League's as it seemed is proved by the American Government's initiative in the message addressed to Russia and China by the signatories of the Pact. Mr. Stimson's move in that affair was the first step along the way General Smuts had in mind—a half-step only, perhaps, but taken by Uncle Sam's foot, and therefore of enormous significance. After all, the Americans, like the rest of us, must realize in their hearts the truth of Meredith Townsend's saying that 'men are tigers in trousers.' The Peace Pact and the League Covenant are the trousers of mankind, and every decent American must wish to see them well buttoned and braced up.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

NOTES AND COMMENT

WHEAT PRICES AND THE POOL

AFTER careful study of the statistical situation, Canadian wheat exporters came to the conclusion this year that higher prices were warranted. This was based on an estimate—when the size of the Canadian crop was known—of a world shortage, compared with the previous year of between 475 and 500 million bushels. In spite of this, marketing was a delicate business because of the bumper crop of 1928-29, which meant that when normal Canadian supplies were exhausted there still existed a large carry-over, and the shortage estimated for 1929-30 will not really be felt until the spring of 1930. Meanwhile the wheat had to be held, and this costs money. The bankers worried a bit over having their funds tied up, and the railways, nervous over the light grain carriage, were demanding more rapid marketing. The exporters have refused to be rushed. They were confident of higher prices last August and September, and the private grain firms prayed that the Pool would not sell, while the Pool prayed earnestly that the private firms would have the nerve to hang on. Two complicating factors now intervened. The first was the arrival of the Canadian crop at the elevators a good month earlier than usual owing to the drought, to rapid harvesting methods, and to its small size. The result was unprecedented congestion at terminals in a year when the total crop was so small that it should have gone through without any trouble. At this stage the crop became 'front page news,' and the British importers who are shrewd buyers, made all the capital they could out of it, and accused the Pool of trying to black-jack the British consumer. As a matter of fact every grain firm in Canada was in on this deal.

* * *

THE second complication came from the Argentine where marketing is chaotic. No scientific crop estimates are possible, and the grain trade of the world under-estimated the exportable surplus from the Argentine by fully 60 million bushels. So we had the Canadian crop ready to market a month earlier than usual and the Argentine crop being marketed for a month after shipments from that country have usually dried up. The shortage still exists, and there has been a steady upward movement in prices in spite of the fact that the Wall Street crash has had a depressing effect on the grain markets. There is evidence that the European importers are fully as nervous about the situation as our exporters. The situation is that they will have to buy, and at higher prices than those at present existing. As for the Pool's policy no one knows what it is, and nobody can find out. All kinds of guesses can be made, but most of them involve technical explanations of intricate trading transactions, in which hedges and spreads play an important part. In the Pool report for last year it appears that for the first time they have had a big carry-over from last year. This amounted to 48 million bushels on August 31. The report shows that last May, when prices were low, they almost withdrew from the market, selling only 4 million bushels, while in August prices went so high that they could not sell

more than 3 million bushels. One thing is certain, and that is that the banks are being called on as never before to finance the crop, and this has cost them a pretty penny, since they could have dumped all their available funds in the call market in Wall Street, and made a clean-up there.

THE COST OF FURS

THIS is the season for fur coats. The old faithful has been dug out of its mothballs, and the new one has just been bought or is looming, a lovely vision, in the mind's eye. The number of them is staggering: in any theatre, any street car, any large office at least fifty per cent. of the women have one, while fur collars and cuffs are well nigh universal. We therefore believe that a little private game which we have invented will interest many of our readers. It is simplicity itself. First, count the number of pelts in your coat. This may take a little time, for in some the seams are hidden and in others there may be fifty or more. An approximate figure, however, will suffice. This is the only necessary preliminary, and when next you have half an hour with nothing in particular to do you can begin to play. First call up a mental picture of the animal who contributed its skin for your coat. The seals should be visualized on ice-floes, gophers on the prairies, and most of the others in good, thick bush country with lots of snow. Next, imagine the animal trotting about on its proper occasions. Then comes the really interesting part of the game—picturing how the animal is caught, waits for the trapper, and finally has its skin removed. To play this part of the game successfully one should be able to imagine the traps used (steel, with interlocking teeth), the cold (colder than most of the future wearers of the skins have experienced), and sensations of hunger endured for hours or days. The next play is to imagine the trapped animal being eaten by another, frozen or starved to death, or clubbed by the trapper. We place no restrictions on the use of this game although everyone who has played it states that it becomes more and more interesting each time it is played and ought to become universally popular.

COMMERCE AND MUSIC

THE English Festival of Music recently 'staged' in Toronto by the Canadian Pacific Railway was an event long to be remembered by the audiences that packed the huge Concert Hall of the Royal York Hotel. Between fifteen and twenty thousand people enjoyed a feast of music and opera of fine quality and variety. Toronto is not addicted to spontaneous outbursts of hearty applause, but at all performances, especially at the truly finished presentation of *Hugh the Drover* conducted by Dr. Ernest MacMillan, and produced by Alfred Heather, it was quite startling to find that Toronto audiences could be so moved. In spite of the capacity houses it is safe to say that the Festival showed a substantial financial loss. We are told that the two performances of *Hugh the Drover* alone cost \$10,000 to produce. Distinguished artists (dancers, singers, and instrumentalists) were brought over from England, and Canada's best artists were also engaged for this occasion. We hope that these Music Festivals have

come to stay. They began with the Canadian Folk Song Festival at Quebec three years ago, and this was followed by the New Canadians Folk Song and Handicrafts Festivals at Winnipeg and Regina, a Sea Song Festival at Vancouver, and an English Festival at Victoria—which latter will be repeated within a week or two—to be followed by a Sea Song Festival at Victoria two or three weeks later, and a New Canadians Folk Song and Handicrafts Festival at Calgary in March next, and the third French Canadian Folk Song Festival at Quebec next May. When a great corporation such as the C.P.R. can interest itself in the Arts to the tune of several thousands of dollars annually, Canada is happily placed. Congratulations are due to Mr. Beatty, and to Mr. Murray Gibbon, out of whose versatile brain these Festivals grew. Not to be outdone by its gigantic yet friendly rival, the C.N.R. is also performing a great service to music lovers through the medium of the radio, and a Dominion-wide 'hook up.' The Symphony Concerts with distinguished assisting artists are events that for distinction are equal to anything that is heard 'over the air.' Another great corporation, the Imperial Oil, is doing as good a work along the same lines as the C.N.R. Others are spending large sums 'over the air' but in a very much smaller and in most instances much less distinctive way. The net cost to the C.P.R., C.N.R. and the Imperial Oil represents a colossal investment in real music for the people of Canada. These programmes are not meant to appeal to the popular taste, but only to the discriminating public. When so much jazz and cheap-jack stuff is presented both 'in person' and 'on the air,' it is something of which we can rightly be proud that these great corporations should be willing to appeal to the cultured tastes of the Canadian people.

MR. W. F. MACLEAN

WILLIAM FINDLAY MACLEAN was a fine example of what Highland blood and Canadian environment can produce. In him courage and imagination were blent with a sanguine humour and extraordinary vitality, and the result was a dynamic optimism and independence of mind that defied age and disappointment. In journalism his daily *World* was different from all other newspapers; brilliant and pugnacious, compact yet comprehensive, its wealthier rivals admitted that within its small compass and pithy paragraphs it managed to present all the news they did and sometimes more. In politics he was handicapped by the fact that while a belief in protection drove him into the Conservative ranks, his radicalism denied him influence in the Party though his personal influence on the House was always powerful. He first saw the Commons as the youngest reporter in the Press Gallery and he left it 'The Father of The House,' but as brisk and radical as ever. He must have been seventy at least when he first became a contributor to this journal, yet his first article was a vigorous argument for the nationalization of the C.P.R. He spent himself freely and gaily all his life, and some might think he got little in return: his dearest ambition was to see his paper soundly established, yet he published and edited it for forty years only to see

it fail for lack of funds in the end, while in politics he held his seat for thirty-four years without ever winning the place his qualities merited. But there are a score of editors with his stamp upon them who are influencing public opinion over all Canada today; the people of his own city are enjoying public works and reforms that would have been delayed for years but for 'W. F.'s' ardent championship; and his death is regretted by a multitude of friends.



IF you have a friend who is one of these super-patriotic anti-Americans, the Christmas present you should have given him is Prof. W. B. Munro's *American Influences on Canadian Government*.^{*} This little book of 150 pages does not contain much that isn't well known to every student of Canadian history and politics, but it goes far to upset some of the most cherished myths of our professional patriots. It shows how the original intention of the Fathers of Confederation to create a central government which would be paramount over the provinces has been defeated by the Privy Council, so that we now have a division of powers which is practically that between federal and state authorities in the American republic. It shows in how many points the practical working of our party politics resembles the American model rather than the English model, from which our parties have taken their names but hardly anything else. It shows how in the government of our cities we have trailed after American experiments and paid no attention to what Mr. Munro thinks the obviously superior practice of British municipalities. 'In the government and politics of Canada most of what is superimposed is British; but most of what works its way in from the bottom is American,' says Mr. Munro generalizing from the mass of examples that he quotes. And he might have added that in politics as in religion all vital movements come from below.

* * *

THE book is so refreshingly sensible that it should be widely read. Our Canadian public life suffers badly from the scarcity of books of this kind. Our academic students keep themselves too secluded from the rude actualities of real life, and our practical politicians are mostly incapable of writing books at all. Our journalists (with one exception) know no history, and our historians don't read newspapers. In the long run nothing will be so effective in raising the level of our politics as a constant stream of intelligent realistic criticism such as Mr. Munro provides.

But there is one noticeable fault with Mr. Munro's book. He speaks himself of the prevalent North American fallacy that government is a matter of laws and forms rather than men; and in spite of this protest

^{*}AMERICAN INFLUENCES ON CANADIAN GOVERNMENT, by W. B. Munro (The Marfleet Lectures delivered at the University of Toronto, 1929) (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xi, 153; \$1.75).

his own book is too largely devoted to laws and forms. He discusses the machinery of our parties at length and makes his point as to the marked resemblance of Canada and the States in this respect; but the root of the matter is in the social and economic environment from which the parties spring. He is annoyed at the futility of our Canadian cities in copying the disintegrated American form of city government with its chaos of Commissions and Boards when we might have adopted the English system of centralizing all power and responsibility in one Council—as if a change of forms could alter the municipal misgovernment which is rooted in our North American civilisation, in the individualism and lack of civic spirit of the North American citizen. He is shocked, like any good Easterner in Harvard or Toronto, at wild and wicked institutions such as the initiative and referendum; and he disposes of them with a few undergraduate generalities about their being inconsistent with ministerial responsibility, when it would have been more fruitful to examine the political and social conditions which made these expedients seem so attractive in the Western states and provinces. His own worship of British forms comes out most amusingly when he praises the Ontario government for dealing with the liquor question on the principles of responsible government instead of by the method of a plebiscite. It would be interesting to inquire why a body of such pronounced admirers of the British way of doing things only made this 'return to political sanity' in 1926 after being in power for some twenty years. Mr. Munro should do some further study in the realities of Ontario politics.

* * *

THE one fundamental subject to be discussed in a comparison of Canadian and American governments is the question of what actual differences have resulted in practice between the American system of the separation of powers and our system of cabinet government. In Canada most of us have taken the distinction between the two types of machinery as ultimate and beyond discussion. We have been brought up in high-school and university to repeat Walter Bagehot's comparison between parliamentary and presidential government with parrot-like fidelity; it has become as necessary a part of our mental equipment as a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity or an abhorrence of Communism. It has never occurred to us to ask ourselves whether our imported English machinery works in the same way as Bagehot described it as working in England.

The orthodox belief is that the cabinet system provides a unity in control and policy such as is impossible in the United States where the head of the executive has to conduct a constant struggle with the two houses of the legislature. But is that the real result in Canada? Ask anybody in Ottawa. The fact is that Ottawa is the scene of exactly the same sort of warfare between competing economic and sectional interests as goes on constantly at Washington. We have all been watching the battle over the American tariff during the past summer and congratulating ourselves pharisaically that we are not as those people. But has our tariff ever been made at Ottawa in any other way? Has there ever existed at Ottawa a cabinet which had a mind and a policy of its own about

the tariff? Of course not. We talk of our cabinet system as giving us a concentrated control over financial policy as if we had never read of the finance minister's changing his mind even after he had introduced his budget when some sufficiently powerful interest could put pressure on him. Policy at Ottawa as at Washington is the result of a complex process of wire-pulling and bargaining among competitive interests. We have been made more familiar with this process as it goes on at Washington. And here we come upon the one significant difference between the governments of the two capitals. They have better newspaper reporters at Washington.

* * *

ONE may add that the essential resemblance between the party systems of the two countries does not consist in the fact that the parties have national conventions to draw up platforms and choose leaders. It consists in the kind of platforms they draw up and the kind of leaders they choose. It cannot be too often repeated that Burke's definition of party has no application to North America. A party in North America is nothing but a bundle of sectional factions held together by a common name and a common desire for the spoils of office. It never has a clear-cut policy on any controversial question simply because it has members belonging to too many geographical sections. The only parties we have who fit Burke's definition are the local groups (such as the U.F.A.) who can be consistent because they do not have to collect votes from other sections of the country. Our geographical and economic conditions determine the kind of parties we have, and the character of our parties determines the character of our government. Because this is so, questions about the constitutional relationship between legislature and executive are comparatively insignificant. If we in Canada were to start tomorrow by electing a President and a Senate and a House of Representatives on the American model it would not make a particle of difference to the essential processes of government as they are going on at Ottawa today.

* * *

THE unreality of the debate between parliamentary and presidential government is illustrated most vividly by the quality of the men who reach Ottawa and Washington, and the quality of the leadership which they provide for their respective nations. If our theories about the cabinet system had any relation to the facts it should be possible for us to achieve a more effective leadership because control and responsibility are concentrated in the cabinet and its prime minister. Yet the significant fact is that the United States has produced in the last generation a Roosevelt and a Wilson who, in spite of all the difficulties of divided control at Washington, were able to pursue a definite and constructive policy and to impress their personalities upon the whole public life of the country. When this can happen twice within twenty years, and when it seems likely to happen again in the case of Mr. Hoover, most of the talk about the impossibility of leadership under the system of separation of powers becomes academic. What has our system to show in comparison with Roosevelt and Wilson? The truth is that the system matters very little. When the people are in the mood for

constructive action by their national government they will equip themselves with Roosevelts and Wilsons; when they are feeling politically tired they will be content with Hardings and Coolidges—or with Kings and Bennetts.

We in Canada are suffering from a literary theory of our constitution. It prevents us from realizing how British institutions when transplanted to America actually work, and it is high time that we shook ourselves free from it. Perhaps a good preliminary step towards this end would be to place Burke and Bagehot upon a Canadian Index.

F. H. U.

FORECAST: FAIR AND MILD

I have discontinued
Recalling and recalling;
I no longer strain for
The blunt rain falling
And making little puddles
For the eager feet of children—
I have discontinued,
I say.

Indeed, M'am, I have stopped
Remembering and remembering;
I no longer listen for
The shrill, sweet gabbling
Of half-witted blackbirds
In a silvered apple-orchard—
Yes! I have stopped,
I say.

(There will be puddles,
And blackbirds in orchards,
Apple orchards silvered by
A wench named Spring;
I shall discontinue
Discontinuing, and you shall
Splash through puddles,
And hear a bird sing!)

Well, we have forgotten, since
There's no sense in recalling
Delirious blackbirds, and
The blunt rain falling,
And making meagre puddles
For the dancing feet of children—
But . . . that sounded like a blackbird!
We say!

HELEN LAWRENCE.

THE PLEBISCITE

à la Nova Scotia

ON October 31st Nova Scotia joined seven of her sister provinces and decided for government control. Although some confusion arises owing to a ballot calling for answers to two questions, it is clear that government control has a majority of some 24,000 out of 150,000 ballots cast. In view of the majority of some 60,000 for prohibition in the previous plebiscite of 1920 this is a serious reverse to the prohibition forces. As was expected, urban areas scored heavily for government control, Halifax alone favouring it by a majority of some 11,000. In addition, rural areas where the Roman Catholic vote was strong joined the 'wet' column.

Disgust with the enforcement of the present prohibition law was probably the primary cause of the change in sentiment. Enforcement has been farcical. Breweries have been delivering in broad daylight on telephone orders, and the lesser sort of bootleggers have given equally good service. Nor have the government vendors been above suspicion. Indeed, a prominent supporter of government control declared on the public platform during the plebiscite campaign that the local vendor in Halifax was the city's principal bootlegger. Raids, usually fruitless, were periodically made on waterfront dives, but a raid on a yacht club cost certain enforcement officers their jobs. It is, indeed, difficult to escape the conclusion that there has been a widespread intention in both private and official circles to discredit the N.S.T.A.

The people have now spoken. But the 'drys' are disposed to ask, 'How many spoke?' and 'How often did some of them speak?' The franchise requirements were scandalously loose. In addition to persons on the voters' list, anyone who was a British subject twenty-one years of age and a resident of the province for twelve months previous to the plebiscite could vote, provided that (1) he were 'vouched for' by a duly qualified voter whose name was on the list, and provided that (2) he subscribed to the oath of qualification. Whatever 'vouched for' meant, it did not mean that any oath of affirmation should be required of the person 'vouching', nor did it even require that a 'voucher' should be known personally to the presiding officer. The Act apparently did not even require that the name of the 'voucher' should be taken. Penalties were provided for voting wrongfully and for 'inducing' or 'procuring' any person to vote 'knowing' that such person had no right to vote. But what is 'inducing' or 'procuring'? Clearly 'vouching for' need not be 'inducing' or 'procuring.' Further, how could knowledge that the person 'induced' or 'procured' had no right to vote be proven? Even the proverbial galloping horse could see the gaps in such a fence.

An outsider would be inclined to jump to the conclusion that the Act was the child of amateur reformers with a naive belief in the morality of the electorate and in the honesty of 'interests' likely to be materially affected by the result of the plebiscite. It was, however, nothing of the sort. The bill was introduced by the Hon. Mr. Doull, a member of the Government; the franchise provisions to which reference has been made were added as an amendment by the sponsor of the bill and strongly supported by the

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Prime Minister. Both Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Doull, as well as the members from both sides of the House who supported the clause, have received their training in the political arena of Nova Scotia, probably the most realistic school of politics in Canada. Further, they were forewarned by the Attorney-General, who denounced the franchise provisions on the ground that:—

under it the criminal classes in the various communities would be given an opportunity to stuff the ballot boxes. Men with little principle, and with a keen interest in the plebiscite would vote as many times as they could, and some of these, he said, would be voting for the Act.

Other members of the Legislature criticised the bill in like strain, a supporter of the Government declaring: 'People could go from booth to booth as fast as the cars could carry them and vote as often as they desired.' The framers of the Act can, therefore, scarcely be acquitted on the ground either of inexperience or of ignorance as to the probable consequences.

Whatever the motives behind the franchise provisions, the province is seething with rumours of grave irregularities in the recent plebiscite. From districts from end to end of the province come rumours that outsiders were run in by the carload and 'vouched for.' Rumours of irregularities in the City of Halifax and Halifax County are particularly rife. There are many rumours of individuals having boasted that they had voted anywhere from ten to thirty times, of a whole crew of a Norwegian vessel in port being paraded to the polls and 'vouched for,' of an individual exhibiting on the street a handful of ballot papers, of looseness even on the part of election officials in permitting assistance in the booths in marking the ballot, and of irregularities in swearing persons not on the lists. While the great majority of the rumours refer to irregularities on the part of the 'wets,' they in turn are alleging similar irregularities by bootleggers, who presumably desired to retain the *status quo*. The writer does not, of course, express any opinion

as to the truth of such rumours. It is, however, a well-authenticated fact that although the voters' list in the City of Halifax was being made up for several weeks immediately preceding the plebiscite, an enormous number appeared to be 'vouched for' on election day. In one polling-booth in Halifax so heavy was the 'vouched for' vote the officials ran out of ballot papers. In another, in a stable residential district of the West End, according to 'dry' statistics, some four hundred appeared to be 'vouched for.'

The rumours, whether true or false, are too persistent to be ignored, without reference to the merits of prohibition or government control. If false, they reflect on the good name of the people of Nova Scotia; if true, that good name can be cleared only by a vigorous house-cleaning. The situation is one which demands a searching public enquiry. It is indicative of the political apathy of the province that as yet no public step has been taken by 'wets' or 'drys,' Liberals or Conservatives, to rid the province of the unsavory odour that has arisen out of the plebiscite. The ballot is 'the very Ark of the Covenant' of democratic government; and dishonesty at the ballot-box, whether it be in plebiscites or in the election of representatives, strikes at the roots of democracy. Any Canadian interested in the political well-being of his country will certainly find little comfort in the prospect of Nova Scotia, the province with the longest history of representative institutions behind it, the province which prides itself on being the most 'British' province of the Dominion, and a province whose people are overwhelmingly of Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, or French, rather than of 'foreign-born' stock, taking the present situation so casually. One is inclined to ask, 'Is democratic government becoming a mere sham in Nova Scotia?'

OBSERVER.

Since this was written the 'Drys' have asked The Government for an official count of those 'vouched for,' and have offered to pay for this.

THIS INSUBSTANTIAL PAGEANT

Reflections on the American Political Scene

BY EDGAR McINNIS

V

THE SPIRIT OF THEIR FATHERS

WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers landed on a stern and rock-bound coast, they brought with them two gifts of unique distinction: Mayflower ancestry and the Puritan conscience. The former has now lapsed into little more than a local irritation; but the Puritan conscience, mightier and more enduring, goes marching on, and remains a dominant force long after Puritanism in its traditional form has very largely declined.

It is a commonplace that Puritanism was less a creed than an attitude of mind. The qualities which distinguished it in the religious sphere were no less active in political matters and in affairs of gain and loss. But it has perhaps been imperfectly realized that, though it was originally a religious manifestation,

Puritanism would not perish when its religious aspect decayed, but would express itself in those matters which replaced religion as the popular preoccupation. There is an economic and social as well as a religious Puritanism, and in these aspects the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers remains today a ruling factor in American life.

There is a persistent illusion that Puritanism was synonymous with individualism. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Certainly the earliest Puritans revolted against external authority over the individual, especially in matters spiritual; but they were not long content to accept the judgment of the individual as a final test for truth. A new infallibility was sought—and found. To the infallibility of the Pope, to the infallibility of the Church, there succeeded, not merely the infallibility of the Bible, but of the Bible as inter-

preted by a divinely enlightened conscience. It was a mighty discovery. It did away at once with the painful necessity of admitting that the opponents of Puritanism had also a right to individual judgments. For if these divinely enlightened consciences were right—as they could not fail to be—then those who differed in their judgments were children of error; and if a sufficient number of consciences in any community agreed in their divine enlightenment, the lot of the children of error was apt to be hard indeed.

The individual communities founded by the Puritans were in very close internal agreement; and, as a result, American Puritanism became a powerful force for the suppression of individualism. For in the nature of things the Puritan was incapable of toleration. His conscience forbade it. A conscience as active as his must find scope for its activity. There is no scope in the breast of its possessor, for he is divinely enlightened and incapable of error. And so the Puritan's conscience began to operate vicariously, and the Puritan entered with zest upon the task of guiding his neighbour's feet in paths of his own choosing. 'The Puritan's idea of hell,' said Wendell Phillips, 'is a place where everybody has to mind his own business.' And in this respect at least the early settlers sought to make the new land a heaven on earth.

The result was the creation of a powerful community spirit—powerful enough to force all but the completely unregenerate into one common mould. In consequence the basis of American democracy became, not the individual, but the group to which the individual belonged. Only through this group could the needs of his being—social or political—be expressed. And hence the multiplicity of organizations, from Browning Societies to the Ku Klux Klan, so characteristic of American life. Hence, too, the necessity for an idea or an emotion to be embodied in a Movement before it can take on any aspect of reality. Outside these corporate activities, unhallowed by the agreement of like-minded members, a man or an idea is solitary and alone, a poor thing left stranded by that marching pageant of American life in which the group alone is real and the individual has neither place nor power.

Second only to Puritanism in producing this result was that other misunderstood force, the American frontier. Not the fighting frontier, which was essentially the resort of those rebel spirits who could not endure the sight of smoke from a neighbour's chimney. There, indeed, individualism was supreme. But behind the fighting frontier came the scattered communities that formed the frontier of settlement. There the pressure of constant danger made for a singular solidarity within the community, and a man who stood apart from his fellows was felt to be not only obnoxious but actually dangerous. Moreover, the frontier community was the natural crucible of the democratic spirit with its fiery insistence that every man was as good as another. This led to a further insistence that every man must be the same as any other, for any departure from the norm must appear an assumption of superiority which was an affront to the assured but indignant virtue of the rest of the community. For the individualist the settled frontier had little place.

Thus, though only a part of America was settled

by Puritans, little effort was needed for Puritanism to stamp the frontier with the mark of its own image. The spread of settlement set its seal upon the growing West; the Civil War completed its conquest of the nation. For the war resulted in more than the victory of one geographical section over another. It was the triumph of a particular view of life, a vindication of the right of the community spirit to say 'Thou shalt not!' to any who sought to go their own way without harm to or hindrance from their fellows. Before the war the Old South contributed a definite and individual element to the national life; but that contribution ceased after 1865, and Puritanism, with its essential basis of group domination, held sway throughout the land.

* * *

The effect of this domination is seen most clearly in the relation between law and public opinion—a field in which America is unique among modern democracies.

In his early speech on law enforcement, President Hoover deplored the tendency of citizens to decide for themselves which laws should be obeyed and which ignored. In his view, such an attitude struck at the roots of civil government. A measure enacted into law should be obeyed by all good citizens until its repeal had been effected by constitutional means. In opposition to this view another one is put forward by critics of the President. It is, in effect, that legislative measures do not always represent the will of the people; that obedience to a bad or an unpopular law would often postpone its repeal indefinitely; and that the surest way to get rid of such a law is to nullify it by popular opposition to its enforcement.

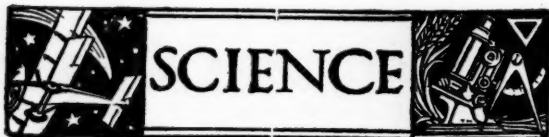
There is no doubt that, on the high ground of political theory, the President is right. But those who hold a contrary view are closer to political realities, and are basing themselves on the traditional American attitude toward law in general.

For in America there is apt to exist a remarkable divorce between law and public opinion. The prevalence of group domination gives an unusual power to an organized minority, and often enables it to impose its will upon the community at large. The operation of the Klan during the post-war period is one example; the present dictatorship of the Anti-Saloon League is another. It is frequently possible for such groups, by sheer insistent pressure, to get their desires passed into law, simply because their opponents are too disorganized or too hesitant to speak with equal force in opposition. Indeed, it is not unknown for a legislative body to yield to the demand of such a group in order to propitiate it, while at the same time retaining a full assurance that the law thus passed will never really be enforced.

For enactment does not make effective law; in the final resort it must rest upon public opinion. And actually the American public does choose which laws it will obey and which it will ignore. The ruling force is not the constituted civil government, but the community group. The group has always, in the aggregate, been stronger than the central government. It existed before such government; it retained its independence of judgment and of action long after such government was established. And as the country spread westward this tradition was kept alive. Settlement outran the extension of authority;

communities became accustomed to deciding their own affairs with little reference to the constituted civil power. This is the tradition which remains in the United States today—a tradition which only a long, slow process of time will break.

Undoubtedly it is a dangerous tradition. Under present conditions the operation of community sentiment is more often negative than positive, more concerned with nullifying the civil authority than with strengthening its hands in desirable matters. Hence the spirit which makes possible the existence of so large a criminal class in continued defiance of the forces of order. But in the last resort the strength as well as the weakness of the American system lies in this same feature. If America is ever called upon to face a supreme test, it will not be the excellence of its political institutions which will be the deciding factor; it will be the power of this same group spirit which is greater than the civil government it has created, and which persists in determining the basic features of the national civilization even in defiance of the civil authority which it has itself set up.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE

'Lord,
How rich and great the times are now.'

W. H. DAVIES.

THE last few years have witnessed the output of some excellent books on fundamental scientific and philosophic themes. Possibly the increased interest in such subjects on the part of the intelligent lay public has stimulated a number of eminent scientists to present in readable form the essential results of years of intensive study of their special fields. Whatever the exciting cause, there is no doubt of the general success of the result.

One of the most fascinating of these popular studies is *The Universe Around Us*.* Sir James Jeans is a distinguished mathematical physicist and astronomer who has during a period of twenty-five years given increasing attention to the problems of cosmogony and stellar dynamics. The present book is a non-mathematical rendering of the latest results in this field, results given in more technical form in his earlier *Cosmogony and Astronomy*.

Some of us who were initiated into the delightful mysteries of astronomy about the time when Sir James was starting his investigations, still recall the thrills of those first voyages through the far-flung sidereal universe, and the dizzy amazement of trying to comprehend distances expressed in light-years. We learned of nebulae and star clusters, of novae and variables, of double and multiple stars, but they were apparently disconnected phenomena and there were few or no great unifying ideas to relate and co-

ordinate them. A few short years have changed all this. The developments of sub-atomic physics have put in the astronomers' hands powerful instruments of analysis with far-reaching principles that have solved many of the old mysteries. The exhilarating shock of contact with the ideas of up-to-date astronomy is not a whit less enjoyable than the thrill of our first youthful plunge into the older science. Probably Sir James is right when he says that 'many people find their main interest in astronomy as the most poetical and the most aesthetically gratifying of the sciences'; and again, that 'astronomy provides something of the vision without which the people perish.'

A preliminary study of the Galactic System of which the solar system is part introduces the reader to various types of nebulae, star clusters, binary systems, and variable stars, with a lucid discussion of the methods of determining the distance of remote systems for which no parallax is measurable. Of especial interest is the account of the Cepheid variables and the 'period-luminosity law', which has played such an important role in the estimation of the enormous distances of many star clusters and extra-galactic nebulae.

It has long been known that the luminosity of certain stars varies periodically. In the constellation Cepheus there is a star showing a rapid increase in luminosity to a maximum, followed by a more gradual decline to a minimum, the whole cycle of change occurring in a constant period. Other stars showing a similar change have been observed in different parts of the heavens, and as a class are known as Cepheid variables. It has further been observed that the brighter Cepheids in a star cluster known as the Lesser Magellanic Cloud have a longer period of fluctuation than the fainter ones, and the principle has been formulated that the period of a Cepheid is dependent on its luminosity. This is the period-luminosity law.

It follows that Cepheids in different parts of the heavens having the same periods have the same intrinsic brightness, and any differences in apparent brightness must be due to differences of distance from the observer. If then we can fix the distances of some Cepheids, we can calculate the distances of other Cepheids of the same period. Certain Cepheids are near enough to us to have their distances measured by the ordinary parallactic methods, and so we can use these as measuring rods for the vast distances of the stellar universe. Distances of millions of light-years have been estimated by this method.

The discussion of stellar distances and the structure and dimensions of the universe is noteworthy in view of the results recently obtained by Silberstein from new calculations published while Sir James' book was in the press.

According to the cosmology of Einstein the dimensions of space are determined by the amount of matter it contains. The more matter there is, the smaller the space must be. The farthest visible extra-galactic nebula is, according to Hubble, 140 million light-years away, and the mean density of matter in the space thus swept by our largest telescopes is 1.5×10^{-31} times that of water. If this density holds in ultra-visible space it can be calculated that the radius of curvature of space-time is 84,000 million light-years!

If we adopt de Sitter's cosmology, which is claimed

*THE UNIVERSE AROUND US, by Sir James Jeans (Cambridge University Press; pp. vi, 352; 12/6).



ART GALLERY NOTES

Miss Mogdliniani and Miss Van Everdingen, both together—"What a droll figure!"

BY ARTHUR LISMER

to have certain points of superiority, the conclusion is reached that the curvature radius is from 80 to 2,000 million light-years, and probably nearer the latter figure.

Silberstein, by the use of a new statistical formula applied to several different classes of stars, has shown that the values given above are enormously exaggerated. His calculations, which yield remarkably consistent results from different sets of data, lead to the value of 5 to 6 million light-years as the true figure for the radius of space-time. He deduces further that the greatest possible distance between two points in elliptic space is 9 million light-years. He maintains that values such as 140 million light-years for the distance of faint spiral nebulae are quite inadmissible and need thorough revision. Even distances within our own galactic system will be considerably reduced, he believes, when Shapley's revision of the globular clusters is completed.

Nine million light-years, then, is all Silberstein will allow us for the greatest diameter of space-time, but even in such cramped quarters there seems to be ample room for some millions of star fleets to manoeuvre without coming within hailing distance of each other.

From such large scale operations we pass to the exploration of the atom as a necessary preparation for the study of the birth of star systems from nebulae, and an understanding of the constitution and stability of the stars. The limits of journalistic space are even narrower than those of de Sitter's universe boiled down by Silberstein, and forbid us to linger except to notice the significance of the highly penetrating cosmic rays studied by Kolhorster, Millikan and others. And here we skirt another region of controversy which we enter finally in the chapter, 'Beginnings and Endings'.

The ultimate fate of the universe has always been a favorite bone of contention, but physical science has generally said that there can be no escape from the Law of the Degradation of Energy, and that at long last all energy will have been transformed into unavailable heat energy at constant temperature. This is the so-called 'heat death' of the universe. Some metaphysically-inclined people have sought to disprove this by scholastic methods, and have urged that the reverse process must be going on somewhere; that energy is being constantly reorganized and that the life of the universe is a ceaseless round of dissipation and recovery of available energy.

Sir James Jeans stands staunchly by the Second Laws of Thermodynamics. Matter is constantly being changed into radiation, the wave-length of which tends always to increase as it passes through matter and is dissipated through space. There is no evidence of any mechanism by which protons and electrons are reformed from radiation, and built into atoms of matter.

It would appear that Millikan's latest conclusions, based on Einstein's mass-energy equation and a quantum-relativity formula of Dirac, that the cosmic rays pouring on us from all directions are due to the synthesis of helium, oxygen, and silicon in interstellar, extra-galactic space, are at least questionable. His findings amount to the assertion that by some unknown mechanism radiation from the stars is being changed into protons and electrons and these rebuilt into atoms, with the accompanying emission of energy in the form

of extremely short waves. His calculated values for the penetrating power of such waves agree with the observed values for the cosmic rays.

Against this we have the assertion of Jeans, following the most complete theory of cosmic ray energy relations by Klein and Nishina, that a quantum of the shortest cosmic radiation contains energy exactly equivalent to the mass of the hydrogen atom, and his deduction is that the cosmic rays represent the energy set free from the annihilation of such an atom, or in general from the mutual destruction of a proton and an electron. Further the quanta emitted by the synthesis of atoms would have a shorter wave-length than that of the shortest known cosmic rays. These rays are produced by the annihilation of matter not only in hot stars, which, however, they cannot escape, but in nebulae of relatively low temperature and density, the process being one which, like radio-activity, is independent of temperature.

Eddington and Jeans seem to be agreed that the cosmic drama is a definite and finite piece of work that was begun and will be finished. Time, space, matter, and energy are fused together as indissoluble aspects of the whole. The endless cycle of change that seems desirable to certain minds appears to them as a pointless and senseless performance. As Eddington puts it: 'I am an evolutionist, not a multiplicationist.'

From the standpoint of the universe we are nearer the end of its life than the beginning, but from the standpoint of the earth and the race we are only at the beginning of time; we have at least a million million years to go. The possibilities of such a future may well stagger the imagination.

S. BASTERFIELD.

GULLS AT HOME

Why does that gull fly soundlessly
Above this land of whispering peace,
Rising to drift on quiet wing
White, floating through the listless yellow leaves,
And drooping down to sit bemused
As silent as a swan upon the silver ribbon of canal?

I know a shore where gulls wheel fiercely,
Freely, as if loosed from some propelling force;
Imbued by the grey wild spirit of the sea
Lashed by the wind; where each gull
Strives to shriek more loudly than its fellow,
And where slate-grey gulls and white
Weave swiftly, noisily through cloud and spray,
Over the booming tide, that ceaselessly
Surges and foams round Fundy's rocky shores.

This quiet gull is but an inland visitor
Pervaded by the strangeness of the land;
Engulfed with the restraint that holds
A guest embarrassed in surroundings unfamiliar.
Those other gulls I know on Fundy's shore,
Those free, exultant birds that ride the gale,
And wheel, and raise their cries above the wind,
Or like a plummet drop into the sea—
Oh, these are gulls at home.

ERICA SELFRIDGE.

PORTION OF YOUR BREATH

BY LEO KENNEDY

THE night John Edgar shot his cousin Richard there had been a coming-out party at the Weatherbys' for their daughter Myrna. John and Richard had met at the party and been pleasant to each other, even affable, some said, yet John shot his cousin in Richard's apartment a few hours after the party was over, just before daybreak. At the trial they tried to make out that John was drunk when it happened, or temporarily out of his mind, but in the face of so much contrary evidence, and his own confession, the jury had to bring in a verdict of guilt.

The shooting hinged upon Ellen Wilson, John's woman. John and Ellen had been lovers so long that people said they might as well have married and got it done. John and Ellen lived together in a tiny garret apartment on St. Luke Street, just beyond Guy. Their combined income was not large: John wrote advertising copy on a flat salary, and Ellen's heart, if not her prosperity, was in social work; but they managed to keep up a front, somehow, and moved with a set of intelligent and comfortable young people. John was twenty-four and Ellen twenty-six when John shot Richard.

At twenty-two, when she took John, Ellen's beauty had brought many covetable marriage offers, but to the despair of her friends, she shook her head over these, and went to live in sin with John Edgar. John was a stripling just out of University with magnificent ideas about his own importance and a pretty talent for verses. Both Ellen and John were quite alone, and that may have had something to do with it. Ellen was tall, fair, and deep bosomed; her hair was a heap of shimmering gold and her eyes were curiously even and penetrating. John on the other hand was small, and dark, and secret, with an over-developed sense of the world's woes which he got from too much Dostoevsky. His nature was superficially gentle, but there dwelt in him a latent power and determination which did not always tend to admirable ends. John would have blanched over a crushed sparrow, yet he did not hesitate to shoot Richard twice in the back of the head.

John and Ellen had managed somehow, and only Ellen knew what she had gone through with him. One year of high-hearted confidence in the quality of his writing, a time of laughter and love-making, and then the slow, bitter months of struggle, during which the man realized his own failure in his chosen field and the hopelessness of resistance. Ellen had worked with a superhuman vigour in that time, earning the means of their small existence, keeping her own heart light in spite of him and nursing her man through the period of his misery, striving to instil into him some portion of her own indifference to failure, and her hope in the accomplishments of tomorrow. She brought him through two years of it, somehow, and then John took a job with a large advertising company, putting his pride with his failures in his pocket. It had been easier after that.

And yet the struggle had left them both changed. John's love for her had increased with his self-reliance; he had come out of the ordeal a man. Ellen looked tired and a little worn; she had won her fight, but the

after-hour brought a lassitude and growing indifference to things which she found hard to shake off. Her eyes retained their accustomed evenness and candour, but there were little hard tucks in the flesh about them, and at the corners of her mouth. To all appearances, she was not much altered, but inside she had aged terribly. She had never borne a child, and yet it seemed to her she knew what it must feel like when the small helpless thing is safely in the world after an age of pain and darkness, and time and life are standing still, and there is only weariness. When they first took each other she wanted to bear a child, but John said they could not afford it. She had resigned herself to that.

Now that it was all over, and John had found his senses, things were better. A year went by and John's labours made her proud, yet it was not quite the same. He seemed no longer to need her so much, in spite of his protestations, and she sensed and wailed silently against a rift in their lives, a narrow crack in the texture of their existence which yawned swiftly to a chasm. All her nature cried against it, and yet it seemed she might do nothing about it: her love for him was growing less and less. John felt it, too, and shut his eyes to the fact, hoping wildly that it was only a phase, a lengthened mood which would go over in time, as all evil things went over. He redoubled his kindnesses to her and threw himself with increased energy into his work, quite unaware that his independence and growing strength were the forces warping their lives.

Then the handsome and brilliant Richard Crowl appeared, a cousin to John, a man gifted with wealth and a variety of talents with which he did not care to do anything in particular. Richard was a large, blond beast with fine eyes and captivating manner; his leisure enabled him to pursue his one sincere interest—which was handsome and interesting women. Richard had left a trail of bewildered women behind him right across the country, and when he met Ellen at an afternoon tea he determined to get her. Young Morris Winters took him aside afterwards and said:

'Be careful, Richard. Ellen is John's girl. John's your cousin and a decent scout; besides, he's such an intense little devil, he might be dangerous.'

'What's that to me,' Richard said, 'they're not married, are they? And apart from that, I was only nice to the girl.'

'Nice or not nice,' Winters said, opening his eyes widely, 'you've got it written all over you. It's like a rash. Only remember this . . . John's my friend, I know him, and I won't answer for what he'll do.'

Richard smiled whimsically and thumped Winters on the chest, calling him a brother's keeper.

Winters said sharply, brushing Richard's hand down, 'I'm not my brother's keeper. I only want to keep peace in this place. John's a decent scout and deserves a square deal, that's all.'

He had walked away.

That brings us to the night of Myrna Weatherby's coming-out party.

The reception took place two weeks after Richard met Ellen. He had contrived to see her frequently meanwhile, and lost no time in his attempt to take her from John. John couldn't help hearing what people said, and construing the meaning glances which people exchanged in his presence, but as Ellen chose not to speak of Richard to him, he kept a determined silence. He was waiting for something to happen.

That night at the Weatherbys', Richard appeared alone, and immediately attached himself to John's party. Young Morris Winters, who was with his wife, stopped short when he saw Richard, but he held his jaw like a wedge, and managed to be charming. Richard, on his part, was debonair and clever; John was cheerful, too.

John danced with Ellen and his heart sickened as he saw her sheltering behind an impenetrable mask of charm and courtesy. Only the old evenness of her eyes flickered, and the little tucks of flesh beside her eyes and at the corners of her mouth deepened, he thought, and grew hard. 'O, my God!' John said to himself, over and over. 'Help her now. This is *her* hour of trial. Help her, God!'

Afterwards Richard danced with her twice, and John, flaming with rage and jealousy, gave his attention to little Mrs. Winters, who looked at him with helpless, embarrassed eyes.

When the reception was over Richard shook hands with John and Ellen, and lingered over Ellen's hand, looking at her meaningly. Ellen smiling, met his eyes with an even regard. John helped her into her wrap which was four seasons old and frayed in places, called a taxi, and they drove off together.

They reached their apartment at about half-past three, and went up the stairs silently so as not to disturb their neighbours. In the apartment, John switched on the light, removed his overcoat and dinner jacket, and going to the ice box, immediately set about preparing a slight supper. Ellen threw her wrap over a chair and went into their bedroom, closing the door behind her. John made the supper and brought it into the living room on a tray and set it on the table, calling:

'Come Ellen, dinner is served.'

Ellen didn't answer and then he went to the door.

'What is it, Ellen?' he said, and Ellen called, 'Come in.'

He pushed the door open and saw Ellen lying on the bed still in her evening clothes. He thought, how tired she looks.

'Come here, John, and sit down,' Ellen said.

John came into the room and sat down on the bed beside her. He put out his hand to caress her, but she drew away, saying, 'Not now, John.'

'What is it, Ellen,' John said, 'is it Richard?'

Ellen said dully, 'Yes, it's Richard; I want to tell you.'

'Richard wants me to go away with him,' Ellen said.

John began to unloosen his collar and tie.

'I know that, Ellen. Only I want to know what you think. It's all so confused.'

'I don't love you any more,' she said.

'I was afraid of that, Ellen,' John said. 'You're tired of me, I guess. You want a change. Well, four years is a long time. But you've loved me, Ellen.'

'Yes, I loved you, John. But that's done with, I

think. And yet I don't know . . . John, John, what's happened to us? Or happened to me? I'm changed, John, and you're changed; you're a man now. You don't need me any longer. And I . . . O, I don't know! Why are people so, John?'

John's mouth was dry and his throat aching, still he said, 'I don't know, Ellen,' and stood up. He was looking for cigarettes.

'They're on the dresser,' Ellen said, and he took one and lighted it.

John began to pace up and down the room.

'What will you do, Ellen?'

Ellen leaned against the wall and mechanically began to undo her dress. She drew the pins out of her hair, letting it fall about her face.

'I don't know, John,' she said.

John said, 'Ellen, I love you. I mean to keep you, too, at any cost. I can keep you, Ellen.'

'You can't, John. It sounds all odd and inverted, but your very strength prevents you. Can't you see? You needed me before, when you were weak. Your weakness held me, and made me love you. Now you're strong again, and strength isn't any use.'

John said bitterly, 'What about Richard? He doesn't need help . . . or pity. You won't give him these things. What about Richard?'

Ellen said, 'I know, but he's different. You won't always want me.'

John flew into a passion.

'That's a bloody lie,' he shouted, 'I love you. You're evading. Christ Almighty, what's the matter with you?'

'It isn't you either, raging. That's the new you, shouting. Be quiet, John, people will hear you.'

'Let them. Let them and be damned! You're mine and no smirking fool will take you! I'll see him damned!'

'Please, please, don't shout. There . . . it's over; we won't think of it again. Forget Richard.'

'I won't forget him! I'll kill him! And I'd kill you, too, only I love you. And you love me! You love me, and you're trying to evade it!'

'John, John,' Ellen said, coming to him, and putting her hands over his mouth, 'they'll hear us, John.'

'Let them hear us!' John shouted, and pushed her from him. She fell across the bed and lay there. She began to sob.

'I'm going out,' John said.

'Don't! don't . . . O, John, not now,' Ellen said. 'Not now, John.'

'Don't worry,' he said, 'I won't hurt him. He's not worth it. He's a swine . . . don't worry, I won't hurt him. I'm only going for a breath of air.'

Ellen started to weep again, and John went back into the living room, closing the bedroom door behind him. He got into his coat and went to a drawer, unlocked it, took a pistol out and put it into his pocket. He slipped out of the apartment and got onto the street; he walked down Guy Street and caught a taxi which took him within a block of Richard's apartment. He dismissed the taxi and walked the rest of the way.

Richard let him in, sleepy-eyed; Richard was standing in his pyjamas and dressing gown at the head of the stairs. Richard said, 'O, it's John, . . . come right up.' He turned to go back into



THE NEW WRITERS

I

RICHARD HUGHES

IF there is any one characteristic distinctive of the mass of present-day literature, it is perhaps its comparative lack of originality. War, sex, the family, chronicle, adventure, mystery—around these themes, or variations on them, a vast profusion of literature is produced, until we pine for refreshing novelty; and only when into this overdressed and brilliantly bedizened crowd there trots a *Lady into Fox*, or some equally naive and naked child of natural beauty and unaffected charm—only then are our souls relieved from the oppressive and intolerable burden of our fiction.

Such qualities and such relief are to be found in the, hitherto infrequent, works of Richard Hughes. Hughes is a Welshman some thirty years of age, educated at Charterhouse and Oxford, and in many other strange places besides. Quietly unconventional even in undergraduate days, he possessed the reputation of having done many and various things beyond the experience of most of his fellows. I cannot vouch for the strict veracity of the statement that he had taken the road as a tramp, begged on the streets, and been a pavement artist, all by way of diversion in vacation. But it is not hard to believe it true, if we may judge from stories and plays which reflect certain aspects of that life in a manner hardly possible to the inexperienced. That he led an expedition, however, composed of undergraduate friends and a woman, through Central Europe, attempting intrigue in monarchist interests, is fact. In consequence Hughes cannot be labelled one of your 'civilised' writers—thank God!—and his writings have none of the depressing hall-marks of a Literary Lion of fashionable London.

Hughes' first published book was a slim collection of poems called *Gipsy Night* (1922), one of the earliest productions of the Golden Cockerel Press and now become quite a collector's piece. It appeared while he was still at Oxford. If not a work of outstanding strength or ability—few first volumes of poems are this—it was yet sufficiently original to attract considerable attention, and at the same time it betrayed certain very definite characteristics of style which persist in his later work in prose. There is in the first place a directness of address, whose effect is heightened by economy of words. There is a technical hardness and an emotional aloofness, resulting in deep-bitten etchings of great strength and brilliance. There is a sudden decisiveness, overwhelming in the effect of its simplicity. And there is a marked power of realistic description, which in a line or two tells more than whole paragraphs of other writers' analytical bewilderment.

Hughes was already turning to prose at the time when this volume of verse appeared. He had written a short play, *The Sisters' Tragedy*, at the age of twenty-one, and was now beginning to produce short stories. I pass over a later collection of poems—

his rooms, and standing on the stairs, John shot him twice from behind.

John got back onto the street and made his way home. He let himself into his own house as quietly as he had left it; the dawn was beginning to break.

Ellen was in bed when he got there; she was awake, and her eyes were big with weeping.

'Poor John,' Ellen said. 'Poor, poor John.'

His hair was disorderly and his face drawn; he pulled off his coat and jacket, and with the pistol still in the coat pocket, threw them over the chair. Ellen opened her arms and he went to her.

'It's no use,' Ellen said, 'you do need me, you still need me. You're like a child, you're frightened, you're trembling, dear. My lover.'

She commenced to rock him in her arms.

'I know I can't get away. After you left, I knew. We've gone through too much together.'

'Yes, Ellen.'

'John, do you remember you used to read a poem to me . . . I remember a bit of it. *I am grown portion of your breath and bone*. We're like that, John. People become . . . how shall I say it? . . . one body and spirit after a little, and can't break apart. One body and spirit for ever and ever . . . it's beautiful.'

John began to sob.

'Hush,' Ellen said, 'it's all over. No more doubting, no more pain. It's all done with. We're together . . . we'll be together always. We've been through so much . . . we've become like the line of that poem. I am a portion of your breath, and you are portion of my bone.'

John said, 'I love you, Ellen. Living plays queer tricks on us . . . queerer than you'd guess . . . but whatever happens, I love you. Whatever happens we'll be together always. Now you're tired, you've been up all night; you must get a little sleep. Go to sleep, Ellen.'

Ellen said 'Yes'; her eyes were shining with love and pity. She lay back upon the pillows and he commenced undressing. Lifting his eyes from his shoe he saw she was asleep. He shivered with the chill of the morning, and crossing the room closed the window.

He returned to the bed and looked down at her.

'The queerest tricks, Ellen . . . you wouldn't guess . . .'

SONNET WRITTEN IN A CHURCH

I often think that God's poor head must ache
(As mine most surely would) each Sabbath Day
When all the good and godly meet to pray
And sing strange mournful hymns, all for His sake.
They tell Him doleful fictions. They protest
They love their enemies (like Hell they do!)
Care for the sick, and feed the hungry too,
Have mercy on the sick and the oppress'd.

If I were God I'd rise and blast the lot.
But God is kind, and loves, I often think,
The Devil and his angels, men who wink
At pretty girls, and many a cheery sot.
Oh, well I know God must be glad to see
Mad careless people, happy as can be.

GEORGE WALTON.

Confessio Juvenis—which included those in the former book, and come straightway to *A Moment of Time* (1926), his first published volume of short stories.

Here immediately one is struck by the originality of his genius. Not only are the characteristics mentioned above to be found here strikingly displayed, and imparting to the tales a great individuality of style. There is also a freshness and novelty in his themes. The stories are never involved or perplexing, but the more stark and strong in the simplicity of their outline. And they exhibit variety both of experience and of theme, ranging from tragic realism to feats of whimsical imagination which set Hughes quite in a class by himself.

Despite these characteristics, however, the work in this volume remains at times rather slight and immature as a whole, and there is some unevenness, one or two of the tales falling far behind the standard of the best. A book of *Plays* exhibits a surer craftsmanship, with a fine sense of dramatic values foreshadowed in *Poor Man's Inn*, a story dramatised as *The Man Born to be Hanged*. *A Comedy of Good and Evil* was pronounced, I believe, the best thing of its kind since the time of Congreve.

About this time Hughes suffered from a serious breakdown, and was for a time forbidden to write. He had now changed greatly from the rather rugged Hughes of Oxford days. He had re-visited America, grown a beard, and assumed an external appearance of exquisiteness which, however, in no way masked his unusual distinction of manner. On the contrary it rather enhanced the effect of his quiet, deliberate, fastidious speech, and the sensation of strong personality intentionally held in reserve. Those who knew him were content to wait for the passing of the temporary eclipse, confident that their patience would be well rewarded.

They have not been disappointed. Contrarily, Hughes' first real novel is an amazing advance on his previous work. In *A High Wind in Jamaica* (1929) we find him master at length of the story-teller's art. The slight hesitancy and experimental impression of *A Moment of Time* are now left behind, and this simply straightforward but astonishing story carries conviction from the first. In quality Hughes is the same old self here, only more decidedly. The old originality persists in his choice of a theme—the experiences of a family of children on a pirate ship in the Caribbean of Queen Victoria's day. But it is no children's story that he tells. Skilfully avoiding melodrama on the one hand and absurd romanticism on the other, he imbues his tale with a realistic quality which removes it from the realm of the fantastic, and at moments appals by the starkness of its revelation.

The work ranks high in imaginative quality, as it does in style and in manner. The emotional aloofness of his observation, to which reference has been made above, fits him eminently to describe the minds and reactions of the children who are his heroes and heroines, which he does with great insight and skill, particularly in the case of Emily. Events occur with a swiftness and finality bewildering to us older folk with our analytical and moralizing tendencies; whereas on the children they merely make impressions which are ineradicable, though occluded from conscious reference or thought. The conviction which the story

carries, despite its initial improbability, marks it immediately as a brilliantly successful adventure in craftsmanship.

The style of the work is little short of faultless, and clearly reflects its author's personality. Always unobtrusive, it conveys, in its simple, vivid strength and directness, both colour and action as occasion requires. With a fine economy it presents, now a situation grotesquely ludicrous, now a disaster devastating in its suddenness, till the undeviating narrative rounds the tale off to a quiet close.

If anything was needed before to convince us of Hughes' qualities as one of the most promising of young English writers, it is to be found in this unpretentious novel, with its delightful humour, its insight, and its poignancy. There is no doubt that Hughes has 'arrived'. It is much to be hoped that he will very soon appear again.

JOHN LINNELL.



IT is surprising in view of the little good literature that is read that there always seems to be a market for books about good literature. We are told continually that nobody cares for poetry today, that Spenser and Milton and Virgil and Homer and Dante would be virtually unread if they were not made part of a vocational training in schools and universities; all round us we see the evidence that ninety-nine books out of a hundred are of the unequivocally popular sort—the romantico-detective mostly—for whose authors not even the most feverish of midnight readers has any interest worth mentioning; everything points to the fact that most good literature is commercially dead and not far from being dead outright—if to be left unread is sufficiently dead to meet this description. And yet we have this steady flow of critical books on the good authors.

At the present moment the flow seems stronger than ever. The 'English Men of Letters' series is going steadily forward again after an interval of a generation; only this fall, to say nothing of various incidental volumes, at least two new critical series have been announced; the complete list of such books would fill a catalogue. One of the broadest of these series is 'The Republic of Letters' (Routledge) to which a volume on Heine by H. G. Atkins has just been added to join its predecessors on Voltaire, Pushkin, Gogol, Goethe, and Richardson. It is the occasion of my present remarks.

This life of Heine—a sound and readable piece of work—is the third to appear in English in three years. In 1927 there was Lewis Browne's rather slick popular volume, in 1928 Henry Baerlein's effort in biographical fiction, and now in 1929 this straightforward narrative—less enterprising but more honest than either. I know of a good book on Heine already on the stocks which will probably fill the bill for 1930 and leave the road clear for some new treatment of the theme in 1931. A volume on Heine annually!



PASSING RAIN
 BY ELIZABETH WYN WOOD
 Sculptor

Heine is a very good instance, for as far as I have been able to observe, outside of academic circles there is no English reading of Heine to speak of. His works have been translated into English, verse and prose, in several volumes, but I question whether the edition is known to many or has any appreciable sale. The active interest of the English-speaking world in Heine is, I suspect, too slight to keep his works on the market, except in sporadic renderings of a portion of his verse or in a small anthology of his prose such as that edited by Havelock Ellis in the old Scott Library. And yet a moderately efficient study of him is almost sure to find a publisher and reach both reviewers and readers.

I have no objection to this show of interest in Heine—far from it—my point is that he is infinitely better reading than any of the authors who have written about him and yet, it would seem, we are for the time being more partial to them than to him. Perhaps the explanation is that there are more forms of literary survival than one, that some writers live as a text and others as a personality and that, with all his brilliant vitality on the printed page, Heine belongs chiefly to the latter variety—an author who lives most vividly in our minds as a myth or legendary figure like Byron and Dr. Johnson. It is an interesting question. Heine's case is not as clear-cut as theirs; he is somewhere on the border-line between the authors who live because they are read and those who live unread. But it looks today as if he was inclining towards the Byronic immortality and was showing signs of surviving independently of his written works. If this is so, it is highly probable that his 'mattress-grave' is the main prop of the legend, for the rest of his career is distressingly chequered and uninspiring. It was only when he was cut off from all serious possibility of protracted quarrelling with his relatives or his publisher or his political enemies and was compelled to lie on his back fighting an acute and incurable paralysis in a Paris apartment that he became really great as a personality and stamped himself upon the minds of men as an individual who must be remembered for his own sake. It is the Heine of these years of dying that mankind is probably unwilling to forget. We cannot enjoy the picture of him walking down the boulevards, for it is almost certain that he waddled suspiciously and had—in a borrowed phrase—a globular stomach; nor can we cherish the thought of him in his domestic life with a squawking parrot and a stoutening grisette for companions; in the public arena he never posed or moved effectively for long. We have to see him as a cripple, lying helpless year after year.

It is not a pathetic picture. The world is strewn with pathetic death-beds, and if we had not the knack of forgetting them we should perish ourselves of grief and woe. We rather envy Heine lying there, partly—we know it either at first hand or second—because his creative genius was at its zenith and he was spending his sleepless nights over the subtlest, wittiest, and ghostliest of *Chauve-Souris* in the history of poetry—phantom pageants and ironic tableaux enough to supply a Balieff for a generation—and partly—this is the deeper reason for his death-bed fascination—because we find here the perfect specimen of an unheroic hero.

Let me explain. We all have our little spasms of

heroism. Most of us only need a cold in the head or a mild toothache to feel our latent heroism—the Pitt-and-Nelson touch—creeping over us and craving expression. How hard it is to refrain! Even if we say nothing our friends and relatives can read it in the cast of our eye. And if we have a message to deliver to the world, why not do it now? This is the note which we might have looked for in Heine. He had given evidence of nearly all the human weaknesses, this one was now to be expected from him; he was entitled to it and—it never crossed his mind. Not for the fraction of a second can we suspect him of that death-bed attitudinising. He was incapable of it. For most of ten years he lived on his back and there is not a moment at which our craving for commiserating hero-worship can insert the thinnest end of its wedge. This is perhaps Heine's greatest personal achievement and he never realized it. Indeed, if he had realized it—even for a short second—the achievement would have been nullified.

Here was a unique performance and, if it has not always been understood, it has never been forgotten. It may be because we value these crowning moments in the active life of man more than man's deepest contemplative visions that we prefer these books about Heine to his own books. We want the personal legend more than we want the dreams and the sallies. And, after all, if we cling long enough to the legend it may turn into literature greater than all the literature which for its sake we have neglected. But this is a theory too flattering to myself and the rest of the reading public. Perhaps we prefer these books *about* authors out of sheer laziness and stupidity.

INCONSTANT READER.

THE ACADEMY SHOW

THE fifty-first annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy opened in Montreal on the 21st of November, and was the occasion for a social event of considerable proportions.

Throughout the world the term 'academy' is rapidly becoming one of abuse, and in Canada it is plainly not free from this stigma. Certainly the average in this exhibition is not a high one; on the crowded walls there is very little sign of originality or individuality. There is less even than in previous years, and it can be assumed that the powers-that-be in the Academy do not want to encourage anything but conformity to outworn ideas of painting. The chief of these obsolete ideas is, of course, that the artist is a sort of benevolent human-camera-with-a-colour-sense; his deficiencies as a machine are made up for by his colour sensibility. This idea was originally propagated by Ruskin, whose enormous influence has resulted in the procession of banalities which have flooded the Academies, royal and otherwise, for the last fifty years. Schools of painting have turned out large numbers of 'artists' more or less technically capable; their capability, where it exists, runs to accurate reproduction of the passing effects of light and shade over some natural scene, figure, object, or grouping, usually possessing some literary or romantic association-value. Where the technical ability is weak, we have inaccurate

reproduction allied with heavily weighted association-value, usually of a sentimental kind. In this distorted field of values we might find a badly painted windmill preferred to a well-copied field of wheat. (Canadian wheat not yet having acquired the prestige of Dutch windmills as picturesque subject matter).

While we are gradually becoming freed from late Dutch importations, most of our painters are still subject to the enfeebling influence of nineteenth-century European technique. Of the painters of this naturalistic school showing at the Academy the most successful, perhaps, are F. S. Coburn and Kenneth Forbes. In their respective fields, granted what they set out to do, neither can be criticized. Coburn's ability at turning out pieces of Laurentian country of amazing verisimilitude, with the familiar pair of horses, is undoubted, while Forbes' portraits are shockingly life-like, though by any current artistic standards, quite dead.

It is this confusing mixture of deadness and life that is so depressing in the photographic school. There is a ghostly feeling about the portraits, and an unsatisfying feeling about the landscapes. In either case the reality is, we feel, so much to be preferred!

At a stage removed from the naturalists, we have a number of impressionistic painters deriving from the school of Monet. Their attempt is to construct colour-compositions based on nature, but with the colour treated architecturally instead of naturalistically. Among these may be placed such works as 'Avalon. Spring Time,' by F. W. Hutchison, and 'Pine Trees, Winter,' by F. N. Loveroff.

As the French impressionist movement was only the first step in the reaction against naturalism, and was itself succeeded by post-impressionism, it is not surprising to find the bolder spirits in Canada pushing past the impressionist stage into a more austere and rarefied atmosphere in which forms as well as colours are treated architecturally; a stage in which the artist has not been subdued by his material, but has to a greater or lesser extent dominated it.

This new movement in Canadian painting was chiefly due to the pioneer work of a few Toronto artists of whom it is not too much to say that they invented a new approach to landscape painting in this country. The element of design entered largely into their compositions, and if this aspect has perhaps been overemphasized by too-zealous but ineffective disciples, that is not the fault of the distinguished members of the Group of Seven. Their own work remains as fresh and individual as ever, as witnessed in the two winter landscapes by A. Y. Jackson, the sweeping mountain design of J. E. H. MacDonald, and Arthur Lismer's canvas, of which the mountain and cloud forms are as fantastic (from the point of view of the camera) as they are powerful. We miss, however, the work of Casson, Carmichael, and especially that of Lawren Harris.

Among the Montreal group of moderns there are solid and satisfying portraits by E. H. Holgate and Lillias Torrance Newton, four landscapes by H. Mabel May of which 'Winter Landscape' is perhaps one of her most successful compositions, and two winter scenes by A. H. Robinson whose inimitable handling of bright colour in his Quebec landscapes has incidentally given us a permanent record of a fast-

disappearing scene. 'At the Theatre,' by Prudence Heward, 'Labour du Printemps,' by André Bieler, and 'Shacks at Percé,' by Annie D. Savage, are among the interesting pictures exhibited by the younger painters of this group.

Itemization of this kind does much less than justice to some fine pictures. It is unfortunate that these paintings could not be hung by themselves apart from the mediocre medley of dead canvas among which they have been scattered at the exhibition. A survey of the past few exhibitions, and a guess at the rejections made this year, clearly show that the authorities frown on post-nineteenth-century innovations. The only course now seems to be the foundation of a *Salon des*

'Nothing Counts in Art but the Excellent.'—Emerson.

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A. V. THOMSON.

THE TORONTO ART GALLERY

THE Toronto Art Gallery this month is showing a group of paintings by two important American artists, Leon Kroll and Ernest Lawson. Leon Kroll, a New Yorker, is not an extreme 'modernist.' His figure compositions and landscapes show a strain of mysticism that is happily balanced by a sound view-point on life. Ernest Lawson, who was born in California, belongs to that group of artists who in 1913 backed Arthur B. Davies and Walt Kuhn, and by their enthusiasm turned the Armory Show into a real success. Of Lawson, Charles Bulliet the art critic has written that: 'He belongs somewhere in this vague borderland, just back of the threshold of "Modernism".'

Another exhibitor this month is Julius Lankes, a wood engraver, who is represented in the important print collections of the museums, both in England and in the United States.

J. B. S.



THE LITTLE ENTENTE

THE LITTLE ENTENTE, by Robert Machray (Allen & Unwin; pp. 394; with ten plates and a map; 12/6).

THE history of the alliance between Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Roumania has been comprehensively written for the first time in English by Mr. Machray, and the Little Entente is to be congratulated on its good fortune in being presented to the Anglo-Saxon public by so able and friendly an interpreter. Among international alliances the Little Entente is unique in that it existed before all the nations which constitute it came into being, for it originated during the war in the organized struggle for liberation of the Slav peoples in the old Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary. When the Dual Monarchy collapsed under Allied pressure in 1918, the new nations of Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia rose immediately from its ruins in the north and south, while Transylvania and the Bukovina were absorbed as if by magic in Greater Roumania to the east. The oppressed nationalities who had co-operated to win their freedom have been allied ever since in a determination to ensure it for the future by keeping Austria and Hungary as weak as the Peace Treaties left them; and through all Mr. Machray's detailed history of their collaboration at the Peace Conference to consolidate their gains, of their subsequent treaties with each other, with France, and with Poland, of their diplomacy at international conferences and at Geneva, we see this fundamental unity of interest as the main-spring of their action. In most international affairs the Little Entente acts as a unit, and since it represents

forty-three millions of people it can exert almost as much diplomatic pressure as a Great Power. The Little Entente therefore commands the attention of everyone interested in international politics, and Mr. Machray's book on this new force in the New Europe will be widely read.

Mr. Machray states in his preface that his book is 'written from the point of view that this New Europe, notwithstanding defects, is far better, politically and ethnically, than was pre-war Europe.' We share that point of view but at the same time we regret that this first English work on the Little Entente should have been written by so generous a partisan. For readers who are ignorant of the real conditions imposed on Central Europe by the Peace Treaties will get no idea from this book of the extent of the injustices wreaked on the defeated nations by the treaties so venerated by the statesmen of the Little Entente, and especially by the Treaty of Trianon which is for them a veritable Ark of the Covenant. No just reasons can be advanced for the Little Entente's amputations of solidly Hungarian territory, for its acquiescence in Roumania's pirating of Bessarabia, for its opposition to *Anschluss*, for its shabby treatment of the Hungarian Optants, nor for its support of a Poland so aggrandized beyond all reason that a third of its population is Polish neither in race nor speech. The only justification offered for its intransigent or curmudgeonly attitude on all these matters is that the present status was established by the Peace Treaties and the resultant conditions no matter how extraordinary are thereby sanctified for all time. The injustices of the New Europe are not so glaring as those of the Old, but they are sufficient to disturb its future peace unless they can be modified in time by the League. Count Apponyi put the case in a nutshell when he said in the last Assembly at Geneva:—

When people take up arms in the cause of justice and are victorious and conclude a victorious peace, they nearly always overstep the bounds of justice, whose claims it was their purpose to vindicate. They commit further acts of injustice in their turn. That is the trouble. War is always, as it were, a game of ball with injustice. The ball never gets lost, but is always kept in the circle—a vicious circle.

The game is still going on in Central Europe, and the Little Entente is now at the bat. That is why world opinion, which was so sympathetic to the Czechs and Serbs and Roumanians in the war, is now veering to sympathy for the Magyars who are being oppressed in their turn, and that is why many an Englishman who championed the New Europe under Seton-Watson's bright pennon now finds himself marching uneasily to the beat of Lord Rothermere's drum. It is essential to remember that the present frontiers of the Little Entente states were not set by plebiscite, nor were they established after calm consideration by the Great Powers: they were set in the main by Czechs, Serbs, and Roumanians after the Armistice by force of arms, and presented to the Peace Conference as a *fait accompli*. Criticism of that land-grabbing orgy must be modified in the case of the Czechs, for we believe President Masaryk himself has stated that he had not wished to absorb any Magyars in his country but was overruled by Marshal Foch, who insisted on the Danubian frontier as a strategic necessity.

A book on the Little Entente should have ten maps and a plate instead of ten plates and a map; for while the general reader is by now familiar with the physiognomy of most of the personalities whose portraits are here displayed, he is unfamiliar with the ethnological distribution of the Central European population and with the geographical and industrial conditions which aggravate the racial injustices caused by the present frontiers. The face of a country is always more important than the faces of its politicians. Another criticism we would offer is that Mr. Machray's admiration for the gifts and achievements of M. Benes has led him to quote with tiresome reiteration from that statesman's speeches. M. Benes is a genius, but he is sometimes a bore. At the same time we regret that Roumania and Yugoslavia have not leaders as enlightened as Czechoslovakia possesses, for their minorities would have fewer complaints if they had. But this is to wish that the people of the Balkans were as civilized as the Bohemians; and at present it seems as useless to appeal to Roumanians for justice to Magyars as it would have been two hundred years ago to appeal to Campbells to give justice to MacDonalds. Since Mr. Machray believes that the question of the oppressed nationalities was the immediate cause of the World War, it is odd that he does not appreciate the importance of rendering justice to the oppressed nationalities in the New Europe of his studies. Today the Little Entente is strong and armed: Hungary and the Magyar minorities are weak and disarmed. But those (including M. Benes) who regard settled conditions in Central Europe as an essential to world peace should remember Professor Zimmern's epigram: 'You can do almost anything with bayonets except sit on them.'

R. DE B.

THE VOYAGE OF A POET

THE NEW ARGONAUTICA, An Heroic Poem in Eight Cantos, by Drayton Henderson (Cape-Nelson; pp. 352; \$3.50).

THE exterior theme of this unusual poem, whose author claims descent from Michael Drayton, Shakespeare's friend, is the voyage of a group of spirits in search of a better universe than this, or, failing that, their own extinction. Guided by Canopus, the star of Helen, Hagar, and Mahomet, and led by Raleigh, Drake, Ponce de Leon (a modernization of the famous Spanish soldier), and Nunez da Vaca, these chiefly Gothic and Renaissance wraiths launch their new Argo out amidst the stars:—

Seeking, more golden than the golden Fleece
The substance of the dream which souls name Peace.

This they expect to find in 'the occult sublime Desired World where Wisdom is beautiful, Justice is wise, and Beauty nowise null of power to endure,' and urged by the subconscious stir that moves their souls, 'that cosmic sentience in the soul of man,' they forge ahead into some of the strangest adventures ever described in verse, crises with stars and suns and voids. Yet grief is the real foundation of their attempted escape from violence and instability as typified by the recent war; despair is the spur that pricks them to penetrate 'behind what seems,' to 'overcome the inanimate Without of Space'; and in the

end it is this same grief and despair that bring them to the realization that by their very attempt to escape from this imperfect universe, they are imperilling their lofty aim of peace. Chastened, they return to their old Heaven, with 'new confidence in themselves, in the freedom of space for voyages, and in the infinite but searchable riches of God.'

Despite the original treatment of the more obvious theme, however, it is the interior theme of the poem that triumphs in interest, the voyage of a modern through the shadows of his soul, the voyage of the poet, of the reader, of us all. An amazing flexibility has been given the texture of this theme, making it capable of the most intensely personal interpretation, though it is to be feared that few will exert themselves to that extent without the assistance of a group of friends and a reading aloud of many parts of the work, which beyond all doubt is a book more excellently suited to the solitary reader.

The eight cantos are full of descriptions that may be enjoyed for their vividness alone, colourful words, and names that reverberate in stately suites: 'the Clashing Gates, Stymphalian Birds, Acroceraunian Snows.' In places the mingling of modern word with antique cadence becomes distressing to the unwilling eye:—

Times swam she the great radio waves, times chose
The electrical or infra-red.

Sometimes there is a studied stiffness of phrasing that makes the lines wear ruffs as starched as those of their speakers:—

Flames sudden morning round these jaundiced sparks
The parchment-lidded sciolist emparks
With his proprietary pale.

With one unfortunate line the ruff becomes a yoke:—

But the rocks too rolled:
Wrecks of a planet, not its name fame wards!

But it is in his incidental descriptions that the poet is most successful from a literary point of view. As, for instance, of a bull-fight:—

The lean, long blade dreams in the rippling hand . . .
The straight thrust makes stiff jets of the life.

Or of a noon-day silence:—

Strange nameless flutters shook, unplaced, as leaves
That rustle somewhere in a leafless wood.

And of a death:—

She passed the cup to him: 'Pledge me, my lord!
And as he drank she halved him with a sword.

And of a royal Ponciana tree that:—

Stretched the web of sunset and displayed
The stars as fruit.

But the full significance of this poem is not to be gained by the mere reading of it. Nothing would be simpler than to condemn its exterior form as insufficient in movement for an epic, its style as too confusedly romantic for actual patience, and its general argument as inconclusive. The author is not concerned with the jiggling of tactile values in a realistic panorama. Even when least serious, he is tracing the intricate chart of a celestial sphere of thought, and the result is a rich pattern of sparkling points, as beautiful, as varied, and as eloquently

motionless in its intricacy of motion as Chanler's exquisite screen of the Constellations. Across the noble sky of his epic the poet draws star after star of poetry, through nebula after nebula of recondite knowledge, until the purely romantic reader of these wonders leaves earth behind and finds himself transformed and breathless at the flying helm of Argo.

The most difficult thing demanded of the more critical reader of *The New Argonautica* is that he look beyond the form and even the conception of the poem to the antecedents of the attitude of mind which produced them. Few modern poems make such a demand necessary: cargoes with form and ballasted with matter they are easily brought to port across the peaceful sea of an emotionalized intellect, but this poem, like its ship Argo, is the winged symbol of a symbol that must be pursued with a relentless analysis, not only literary and psychological, but spiritual. For spiritual things must be discerned spiritually, and in this poem we have one embodiment of the very spirit of our strange poetic day, the spirit that, continually striving to transfix transition, not seldom spears a star.

ROBERT FINCH.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SOME FOREIGNERS. Being a series of hitherto unpublished letters from the archives of the Hapsburg family. Edited, by Victor von Klarwill, translated by T. H. Nash (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xiii, 439; \$5.50).

ONE of the effects of the late war and the political upheavals which followed it has been to provide the historical student with much new material from the archives of fallen governments. The first and most important part of this book consists of a series of letters taken from the Hapsburg archives. The letters deal in great detail with the marriage negotiations carried on by Queen Elizabeth and the Archduke Charles of Austria, the third son of the Emperor Ferdinand I, between 1559 and 1568.

A perusal of the letters seems to confirm the opinion now held by most historians that Elizabeth was determined to retain her virginity at all costs, while drawing the maximum of political and diplomatic advantage from keeping herself in the marriage market. The Austrian Hapsburgs were of all the European royal families the most practiced in the art of successful marriage but it proved altogether beyond their powers to catch the Queen of England in their net. She negotiated with them when it suited her purpose but when matters were in danger of coming to a head, she had an attack of modesty, or demanded concessions in the matter of religion which the Austrians would not accept, for, as the Emperor naively remarked, 'we will not without weighty political reasons subject our son to the danger of forfeiting the eternal salvation of his soul.'

The dates at which the negotiations took place are significant. In 1559 the Queen was gravely threatened by France and needed to maintain friendly relations with the Hapsburgs. As however she had no intention of repeating her sister's unfortunate experiment of marrying Philip of Spain, she

fell back on the Austrian branch of the house. There was much to be said in favour of an Austrian marriage negotiation. It pleased English public opinion, it promised security against France, it kept English suitors at arms length and yet it did not seem likely to involve the country in as many religious and foreign complications as a Spanish marriage. However, by March, 1560, events in France and Scotland had considerably improved the Queen's position and the negotiations came to an end.

It was not till 1563 when Elizabeth was again at odds with the French, and Mary was causing her uneasiness in Scotland that they were resumed. There was much coming and going of envoys and much writing of weighty documents during the years that followed, but by February, 1568, it had all come to nothing. The ostensible cause of the breakdown was religion but it is difficult to resist the feeling that the real reason was the removal of all danger from Scotland where the power of the Queen of Scots was steadily declining.

The second part of the book deals with the visit to England in 1585 of a Pomeranian nobleman Herr Lupold von Wedel of Kremzow. He speaks in glowing terms of the wealth of the country and of the court and of the beauty of the Englishwomen.

The third part tells the story of an embassy sent by Duke Frederick I of Wurtemberg to England in 1595. It appears that the Duke had visited England three years previously and had received a promise from Elizabeth that she would confer on him the Order of the Garter. To obtain the insignia of the Order became the ambition of the Duke's life but whenever he pressed the Queen to send them she put him off with the excuse that other more important princes had not yet received their insignia. Much money was expended but the Duke did not receive satisfaction of his social aspirations till after the Queen's death.

The book as a whole is interesting and novel because in the past the problems of Elizabethan diplomacy have been approached too exclusively from the Spanish and French angles. The three introductions and numerous foot-notes are sound, if not particularly stimulating, some interesting side-lights are thrown on certain public characters and on English life of the period, and there is an exceptionally fine set of illustrations. Nevertheless it must be admitted that the work is one for the student rather than for the layman.

J. C. P. PROBY.

ANGLICAN COMPREHENSIVENESS

A CENTURY OF ANGLO-CATHOLICISM, by Herbert Leslie Stewart (J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd.; pp. ix, 404; \$3.00).

MR. STEWART, who is a Presbyterian, has taken extraordinary pains to understand a movement whose tenets he does not and cannot himself hold. So much so that the result is as sympathetic a sketch of Anglo-Catholicism as could be expected from any but an Anglo-Catholic. It is true that certain critics have found some deficiencies in

Mr. Stewart's story, but they are comparatively trifling and are certainly not due to any intention on the author's part of misrepresenting the character of the movement. Indeed, one cannot help feeling that in his desire to think the best of Anglo-Catholicism Mr. Stewart has rather idealized it, or else looked at it with a blind eye towards some of the faults that are plain enough to other Anglicans who are living in the same fold. Anglo-Catholicism, Mr. Stewart is convinced, is here to stay, and the question that has to be faced 'is not *whether* Anglo-Catholicism shall survive but *where*, within the National Church or outside.' For himself, he believes not only that it would be disastrous for the Church of England if anything happened that should take Anglo-Catholicism out of it, but that all churches would suffer by the loss of the contribution that Anglo-Catholicism has to make to the common cause. There are few Anglicans, we may safely say, who would not agree that Anglo-Catholicism has a rightful place in the Church of England; there are many also who would hold that no proposal of reunion with the reformed churches could be entertained that would involve the exclusion of it. On the other hand, it is fair to remind the author, when he is objecting to the attitude of certain modernists towards Anglo-Catholicism, that it has bred and continues to breed an intolerance and exclusiveness that is really foreign to that comprehensiveness of the Church of England which he in common with others believes to be its glory. Nor, from the modernist point of view, is it merely a matter of being tolerant of 'superstitions.' The trouble arises when 'superstition' is allowed to grow beyond all bounds and to be erected into a dogma of the church. The quarrel of modernists with Anglo-Catholics is that their sacramental theories have been turned into necessary dogmas, and therefore determinative of membership in the Catholic Church. It is very doubtful whether, if Anglo-Catholics had been more charitably disposed towards their fellow Anglicans and particularly towards non-Anglicans, to whom their sacramental theories are impossible, they would have found very much opposition towards themselves today. Mr. Stewart urges a tolerant and inclusive spirit towards Anglo-Catholicism. Very good. Let Anglo-Catholics also learn to exhibit that same spirit towards Protestant Christians and we shall be a great deal nearer than we are to a solution of the problem of Christian reunion.

On the subject of the recent Prayer-Book controversy Mr. Stewart has some penetrating and reasonable observations to make. He thinks the bishops would have done far better if they had frankly set out to try to meet the needs of two quite distinct types of churchmanship; that instead of seeking for some ambiguous phrase that might be used by both 'until each discovers some further implication of what the other has in mind,' they should have provided boldly for Anglo-Catholic and Evangelical alike, each in his own tongue, and have fought the issue out on that inclusive ground. They might have then fared better; they could not have fared worse. As it is, the Church is now faced with the threat of disestablishment, and the bishops have

a difficult task before them. Mr. Stewart sees a danger in disestablishment, not only to the present character of the Church of England but also to the religious life of the country as a whole. 'Disestablishment will mean disruption, and that in turn will mean the committing of each group into the hands of its own most violent leaders. Are we prepared to await this? At a time of unusual peril to what all Churches hold dear, can anyone—of any Church—contemplate unmoved so great a weakening of so powerful an auxiliary in the common cause?'

With regard to the present strength of Anglo-Catholicism we are inclined to think that Mr. Stewart has exaggerated the situation by certain sentences in his preface. He has given 'Anglo-Catholic' too wide a scope. 'Most of the theological colleges' are not in the hands of the Anglo-Catholics, nor are church assemblies and diocesan conferences dominated by them; nor do Anglo-Catholic dignitaries hold the strategic points of vantage over all the Province of York; not unless by Anglo-Catholic Mr. Stewart means anything that is not thoroughgoing Protestant Evangelicalism.

F. J. MOORE.

ECONOMIC CRITICISM

A REVIEW OF ECONOMIC THEORY, by Edwin Cannan (P. S. King-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 448; 16/-).

AN *ECONOMIST PROTESTS* was the title of Professor Cannan's last book, a collection of articles contributed to periodicals to combat the folly of politicians. This book might well be called 'An Economist Again Protests.' It represents the substance of lectures delivered for many years in the London School of Economics to combat the folly of the classical, one might almost say of the Cambridge, economists. Three main protests give unity to the detailed criticism of the classical writers.

1. Economists have neglected to develop a theory of production, i.e., to study the factors which determine the magnitude of the *per capita* production in any country at any time. Adam Smith promises a theory of production, but after three short chapters 'he slips from the subject by way of a discussion of the origin and use of money back into the theory of prices.'

Harking back to the unfulfilled promise of Adam Smith, Professor Cannan contributes three excellent constructive chapters showing the influence of Population, Co-operation, and Accumulation on Production.

2. Professor Cannan protests against the persistence of cost-of-production theories of value and even more vehemently against 'real cost' doctrines. In the first of these protests one feels he is flogging a dead horse to correct it of faults it never possessed. Adam Smith quite obviously understood the importance 'of sufficient limitation of available supply,' to use Professor Cannan's phrase, but he was interested in the factors limiting the quantity available. The criticism of the 'real cost' doctrine is more justifiable. If there is any equilibrium of utility and real cost it is within the individual, the market equilibrium is simply one of supply price and demand price. Not only is Professor Cannan's criticism occasionally captious, but his constructive suggestions are weak. He suggests a historical study of the changes in value; but he gives only hypothetical examples, and makes no reference

to the admirable study of this type in chapter eleven of *The Wealth of Nations*. Further, he ignores the study of the price control of economic activity which is the main interest of Adam Smith and, I think, of Marshall. The theory of price may, and perhaps should, be part of the theory of production as Adam Smith made it.

3. His third protest is against economists who offer a theory of rent per acre, profits per cent., and wages per wage earner ('pseudo distribution'), in lieu of a theory of distribution proper, which should be a theory about the proportions in which aggregate income is divided between classes and persons. While the economists may not have answered the questions Professor Cannan wants to ask, they have answered many important ones. His work seems to be complementary. I doubt whether the conception of a general level of property incomes can be very illuminating in view of the wide dispersion in the sizes of such incomes.

What a man writes in condemnation of the opinions of another is open to all the sources of error that affect his work when he expounds his own opinions and to others in addition: for he may have failed rightly to track the thoughts which he believes himself to be criticising. When a truth assumes great importance for a man and he sees it clearly he will make others see it clearly, he will be trustworthy so long as he writes of it constructively. But though he may be wholly superior to the temptation so to lower the reputation of previous writers so that his own may be the more eminent, his devotion to the truth which is dominant in his own mind will be apt not only to render him jealous of the position of complementary truth, but so far to preoccupy his thoughts as to hinder him from perceiving all these truths have worked in the minds of others.

Thus Marshall wrote of Cairnes' criticism of Mill, and the passage is most applicable to Professor Cannan's book. There is much fine criticism, but there is much unfair criticism. One wishes he had some of that 'youthful loyalty' which he laughs at in Marshall, or that like Mill he was 'finely jealous for his predecessors.' With all its faults, however, *A Review of Economic Theory* is a book of first rate importance which will surely achieve his purpose of making many students 'want to go on.'

V. W. BLADEN.

ITALY BEFORE FASCISM

A HISTORY OF ITALY, 1871-1915, by Benedetto Croce; translated by C. M. Ady (Oxford University Press; pp. 333; \$4.50).

THE appearance of this volume in English is welcome as filling a gap, and an important gap, in European history. Hitherto the history of Italy after the Risorgimento has received scant attention from English writers. Yet this period has an important influence on European developments during the later nineteenth and earlier twentieth centuries, and its importance has been increased since the war by the fact that it forms the inevitable background—and, as the supporters of the new order feel, the justification—of the present Fascist régime. A knowledge of the period covered in this volume is essential to the understanding of one of the most important of present European phenomena.

It is true that it lacks the interest and the colour of the period preceding it. With the occupation of Rome the drama of the Risorgimento comes to an

end. By 1871 most of the chief actors in that drama have already quitted the stage. There remain the less inspiring problems of national consolidation in the hands of less impressive men. Yet it is quite arguable that these problems are of greater importance and greater difficulty than that which had already been solved—the liberation and union of Italy. There were the questions of welding the different states with their inharmonious traditions into a single national state under the House of Savoy; of reconciling the interests of the new state and the ancient Church, smarting under the loss of temporal sovereignty and unappeased by the Law of Guarantees; of setting up a working administration and providing it with a competent personnel; of creating a sound financial system based on a balanced budget; and, in the later stages, of satisfying the growing Iridentist spirit and the desire that Italy should share in the policy of expansion pursued by the other European powers. Before the difficulties raised by these issues, Cavour himself might have been compelled to admit failure.

Signor Croce does not minimize the work accomplished by the leaders of Italian politics during this period, but his account shows clearly how unsatisfactory were general conditions by the time of the outbreak of war. His attitude is that of the philosophic liberal, and provides an interesting comparison with that of a writer like Villari, who sees the justification for the Fascist revolution in the complete ineffectiveness of Italian democracy during this time. Such a conclusion Signor Croce would by no means accept—indeed, his account at times waxes rather too idyllic—but he frankly admits shortcomings in more than one respect. He deals chiefly with the broad general movements in the period under review; and though one could wish occasionally a little more emphasis on significant detail, his account of these movements is scholarly and admirably presented. It is a book which will be of value to students of both recent and present European affairs.

EDGAR MCINNIS.

EDUCATIONAL METHODS

A MODERN PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION, by Godfrey H. Thomson (Allen & Unwin; pp. 283; 8/6).

PROFESSOR GODFREY THOMSON is an educational psychologist who went from Newcastle to New York, from there to Edinburgh, and who while dealing with teachers and pupils of three countries has managed to make a hobby of continental education as well. From such a man a book on the Philosophy of Education should be welcomed. It is a careful, closely-woven handling of the subject, and the first half of the book is not easy reading in spite of its simple and lucid style. It is unfortunately impossible to give a summing-up of our mental background in a hundred pages or so without condensing more than our magazine-trained minds quite like; but the discipline serves a purpose; and after all Free Will, Determinism, Relativity, Genetics, and Sociology are all important subjects for any educationalist. One does wonder what the average teacher will make of it. The latter half of the book is easier, for here the author is dealing with the different educational methods and their recorded results. There is less philosophy and more applied science.

The author has an engaging habit of heading his chapters with quotations from the world's great thinkers. The quotations deal with the subject matter of the chapter, and they are carefully selected so as to contradict and cancel out each other. That leaves the reader's mind in just the right state of balanced confusion, ready to be swayed by whatever the author himself says. This device is popular with reformers, salesmen, and evidently with philosophers. There are chapters on the Factors of Education, the Function of Education, and the Aims of Education. This gives us a historical background that ranges from John Dewey to Aristotle. Then follows a chapter on John Dewey and His Influence written with an enthusiasm for which the author feels called upon to apologize. It is an excellent chapter and one where the writer is not cramped by philosophical scruples of fairness to both sides. It reads like the outburst of one too long in prison pent by the English Classical tradition. In it he gives a masterly description of the early philosophers smoothing the way for their aristocratic and wealthy patrons by building up a wall of rationalized 'Idealism' between the said patrons and the mere dealers in reality—the workers. 'This rule of ideas or universals, which were free from the chances and changes of this mortal world,—were immutable, complete, perfect,—this realm stood in the way of science, craftsmanship, and intellectual honesty for centuries. Even now its dead hand is over most of the arts and especially heavy on education, here and in England. Small wonder that the author's careful moderation breaks down in his praise of one who insisted that all education divorced from life was folly; and that in this complicated day and generation only through education could our modern life be given enough meaning to make it worth the effort.

Of recent educational developments one of the most interesting is that which insists that there should be a real change in teaching methods when children reach the age of eleven or twelve. At this time the strict formal instruction should give place to a more elastic, more adult give-and-take relationship between teacher and pupils. Furthermore, this change should be made when the pupil reaches the age of eleven regardless of his scholarship standing. Only by such a change can the pupil's interest in his work be maintained. In the United States the establishment of Junior High Schools has been found to solve the problem fairly well, but elsewhere very little has been done. In Canada we prefer to carry the Primary School attitude right up through the Universities, it saves trouble and probably turns out a more docile product.

The author has much to say of German education, a new thing since the war which is now trying to get away from the Bismarck tradition of efficient cogs in the State machine. Individualism is coming into its own, though the early years are being used for training in democratic communal life. Every child in Germany must spend four years in the Grundschule, regardless of his social and economic status. Only after this may his parents select his school and career. A similar experiment was voted unconstitutional when tried recently in Oregon. What would be the reaction of our Canadian noblesse to any such practical democracy? Another excellent thing in Germany is

University



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The Foundations of History Teaching

By F. Clarke\$1.35

This is a plea for a new method of teaching history, working back from things that the child knows, such as policemen, coal-scuttles, teapots and dust-carts, to otherwise unconnected and arbitrary dates and facts; and providing him at the same time with the exciting idea of the communal human effort towards freedom and stability. All interested in education or in history should read this enjoyable book. The author is now Professor of Education at McGill University, and was formerly at Cape Town.

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This is the only valuable study of Malory available, and may be considered a "companion" to the "Morte d'Arthur."

The Diary of a Country Parson, Vol. IV

Edited by John Beresford\$3.75

Volume IV covers the years 1793-1796. Following is a typical entry: "Called this morning at Mr. Cary's, and found the old gentleman almost at his last gasp. Totally senseless with rattlings in his throat. Dinner to-day, boiled Beef and Rabbit roasted. Poor old Mr. Cary died this afternoon." Parson Woodforde exhibits a divine sanity in the affairs of life.



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having the apprenticeship begin at the school-leaving age, fourteen. The first year of apprenticeship is really a whole-time technical school course where the trade and the school subjects are carried along together. There is no gap left for those underpaid blind-alley jobs so dear to the heart of the employer.

The author has evidently enjoyed writing this book. He probably undertook it to help clarify his own ideas on the subject and one suspects that he did not quite succeed. The book is interesting and most informative, but at the end one still wonders what the Bell Professor of Education would do about it if he were Minister of Education. Perhaps some day when they have a government of experts at Westminster we may have a chance to find out. In the meantime we can commend this philosophical treatment of the subject to all those who are interested in education.

ARTHUR GOULDING.

AS LARGE AS LIFE

THE GOOD COMPANIONS, by J. B. Priestley (Harper-Musson; pp. 640; \$3.00).

THIS is a large, cheerful, and leisurely book, as large as life and rather more cheerful. If you are addicted to reading novels at a stretch, give up the habit and *The Good Companions* will be your reward. The scene is first laid in Yorkshire, where we see Jess Oakroyd living his working-man's life, quarrelling with his Union, tearing up his insurance card and setting out in the night. Then in the Cotswolds, where Miss Trant has just lost her father the Colonel, and, at the age of thirty-seven, finds she can do whatever she pleases for the first time in her life; so she buys a car and starts out in search of whatever this may be. The spirit of adventure also lays hold of Inigo Jollifant, a restless young preparatory-school-master with a gift for writing tunes, and he, too, vanishes into the night after an epic battle with the Headmaster's wife. Each of them has some very amusing adventures, and then Chance throws them together, they fall in with a Concert Party who have been abandoned by their manager, and Miss Trant, with delicious rashness, decides to run the show under the name of 'The Good Companions,' and they all go on together.

Inigo's best tune is called 'Slipping Round the Corner.' The effect on his audiences, in a public house, a theatre, and a music-publisher's office, is so well described that we know the tune long before the end, we can almost hear it. And it might be said that the author himself is ever slipping round the corner when tragedy appears, and bids us do the same. Not that he hides anything, for there is much that is tragic in the life of those actors; but they keep their form on the whole, they have plenty of luck and plenty of pluck, and the tale goes rollicking on. As for the chief characters, they start slipping early: Jess Oakroyd, from his wife, and when at the last she dies, we only catch a glimpse, though a very affecting one, of her mean tragedy, and slip off to Canada. Miss Trant is piteously young and suppressed, but she slips into managing the Pierrots and then slides into matrimony; while Inigo is something of a buffoon and rather ineffective, but he slips more uproariously than any of them. The one exception is Miss Thong, the poor little dressmaker for whom, in her drab circumstances,

to make a few theatrical dresses is a wild delight; she is brave enough, but there is no corner round which she might find relief. Perhaps it is partly this contrast that makes her unforgettable, and the very few pages that are devoted to her so very beautiful. It is also curious, in view of this emphasis on the brighter side of life, that the only child in the book (for at Inigo's school the boys are kept resolutely in the background) is a little beast, and he only makes an indirect appearance.

There are many minor characters, all of them good, some of them excellent. Among these is Miss Trant's young nephew from Oxford. He belongs to a group up there, the Statics, who are about to revolutionize all the arts. Static Number Three will appeal to all who have ever met Oxford. Fauntley, the old school-master, 'seemed like a man of war rotting in some dilapidated little harbour.' The whole book is as enjoyable as a walking tour all over England, indeed more so, unless Mr. Priestley were there to introduce you to Joby Jackson, Unkelarthur, Jock Campbell, and a dozen others. Some scenes stand out, real slices of life. One of the artistes marries into the Dulver family of hotel-keepers, and 'From all parts of the country there came Duldvers to welcome her, the males all large, shining, pink, hoarse, and brassily convivial, the females all large, blonde, and elaborately coiffured and upholstered.' And a very splendid wedding they make of it, too. The old actor, Morton Mitcham (four times round the world) and Inigo provide the music in a pub scene as vivid as that at the beginning of *Joseph Vance*. Indeed Mr. Priestley's leisurely style and supremely alive characters are reminiscent of De Morgan at his best, but he has none of that author's melancholy.

The end is outrageously jolly: the two best actors find their way to the West End with the help of the fat and wealthy fairy that falls in love with the dancing man; Inigo makes lots of money composing songs; Miss Trant meets the Scotch doctor whom she has loved, without seeing him, for twelve years, and even the other members of the troupe are somehow provided for. Yes, it is more cheerful than life, but it is a book to have on one's shelves, for having once known *The Good Companions* you will want to spend a happy hour with them now and again.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

A GLINT TOO MANY

THE UNCERTAIN TRUMPET, by A. S. M. Hutchinson (McClelland and Stewart; pp. 420; \$2.00).

THAT I am one of the few English-speaking inhabitants of the globe who have not read *If Winter Comes* is a fact that I record neither boastfully nor in self-loathing, but as a proof of my competence to review Mr. Hutchinson's latest. I resemble the crew of that submarine in Mr. Wells' story, who, having been under water in an atmosphere of their own when the comet struck our earth, emerged, the only ungasged beings, into a world already deluged and transformed by the beneficent vapour. I begin to see reasons for the gigantic vogue of the earlier book; anyone who ever liked any kind of novel will find something delightful here. Imagine a dinner-party where the guests were Henry James, Emma Jane Worboise, and Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. The small son of the family,

having been sent to bed, has elected nevertheless to hide under the dining-table. Next morning he is 'flushed'; the doctor says: 'Perhaps it will quiet him if you let him write this novel he talks about.' Here is the result: excellent Worboise, incredibly bad Henry James, highly creditable Wodehouse. Mr. Hutchinson's comic servants are delicious: Glumday's ceaseless repartee 'That's just it' offers a fine example of the value that can be drawn from utter blockheadedness; and Paddock's adventure while taking the eggs to market is glorious fun. Unfortunately, there is nothing like enough of Glumday and his circle: the author seems to regard them as comic relief to the serious part. This latter is awful. It falls into three portions: the struggles of the new vicar, the humours of the hunting set, and a marital conflict. The vicar, with his wonderful wife, the bluff admiral (the 'damn-it-all-beg-pardon-padre' type), the backbiting spinster who plays the organ, and that great-hearted ascetic saint, Father Absolute, should have been the easiest job on earth; but Mr. Hutchinson has contrived to bungle it by making him both whole-heartedly devoted to God's work and whole-heartedly keen on finding a better appointment. The huntin' folk are the merest daubs: it is painful to read of them after Mary Borden's *Three Pilgrims and a Tinker*. As for the marital tangle, it was plodding along gamely enough through raised eyebrows and sudden silences when I stopped reading. Yes! I must own up: try as I would, I could not finish. What finally put me off was page 251, and I have a good mind to print it in rebuttal of your censure. You must know that entangled (by a frantic improbability) with the huntin' set is an extremely finicking highbrow who, whenever anything tickles him, glints. (This glinting I take to be an intellectual leer.) The wretched word is repeated with maddening frequency, and the blaze of it on page 251 finished me. 'Medwyn Paradise had then, glinting, run through the list of guests, nonchalantly, but with especial high-tension glints, slipping Dawn's name into the middle of it.' Paradise has (it is true) an excuse sometimes. When the incredible vicar bellows at him in the railway-carriage, 'I am holding God's fort!' he glints. Quite right, too: I should have glinted like mad. As for the wishy-washy religious part, it must be seen to be believed. The vicar's wife tells him the most elementary Sunday-school doctrine ever heard; there follows this ludicrous paragraph:

David's voice: 'Tell on, Roddy, I see the drift of this.' So you might repeat the multiplication-table to a mathematician, who might rub his hands, exclaiming 'Tell on! This will be ever so useful to my work.' But, after all, it may be that Mr. Hutchinson's idea is to portray David subtly as a super-idiot. Shall I peep at the end of the book to find the exposure of this cardboard Savanorola? It is only fair . . . Ah! Nothing of the kind. The fellow has made good, it appears. 'Sir Pelham read the lessons.' (This was the local potentate who quarrelled with the vicar.) And there was a large number of motor-cars outside the church, 'which was crammed'. Heaven, it is plain, has abundantly blessed the Rev. David: probably he and Sir Pelham exchanged a long silent glance over somebody's corpse, but I absolutely refuse to find out. Yet stay! I see nothing about Medwyn Paradise here. Perhaps he glinted once too often and someone shot him. Perhaps the corpse is his.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

BOOKS of WORTH

Gallipoli Memories

By Compton MacKenzie

Gives fresh insight into the heroic Gallipoli campaign. \$2.25.

Out of the Crucible

By Hedley A. Chilvers

The thrilling story of the Rand, and of Cecil Rhodes, "Dr. Jim," and "Oom Paul" Kruger. \$2.25.

Philip Snowden

By "Ephesian"

An impartial portrait of this remarkable modern statesman. \$2.25.

One Hundred Best English Essays

Selected by The Earl of Birkenhead

The best in English essays from Bishop Latimer to Winston Churchill. 946 pages. \$2.50.

The Riddle of Russia

By E. Ashmead-Bartlett

A fair, frank, candid account of what is happening in Russia to-day. \$3.25.

Cassell & Company Limited

215-219 Victoria Street, Toronto

BOOKS ON ART

PETER DE WINT (1784-1849): Famous Water-Colour Painters No. V (The Studio; pp. 6 and 8 plates; 5/-).

Here is another set of eight reproductions in colour, which brings within our reach a reflection of the art of Peter De Wint, known as a master of water-colour painting in England. The reproductions are preceded by a note written by Martin Hardie on the painter and on his work.

In *The God Who Didn't Laugh*, a recently published first novel written in English by a young Russian, Gleb Botkin, the aristocratic mother of the child Tosha is terribly shocked to hear her son, three years old, burst into laughter at the end of his evening prayer and she severely rebukes him: 'Don't you realize that when you are praying you are actually talking to God himself? One can't laugh in God's presence.'

Judging from the story of the life of Peter De Wint—who, according to Mr. Hardie, 'every morning of his life, even when on his sketching tours, . . . read the Scriptures and wrote out a prayer before breakfast'—this artist treated life as he treated God, as a very serious matter and he did not laugh much. This severe countenance though does not account for the art of De Wint. His life and his art, in their relation to one another, create an interesting case for the student of psychology, for 'this most conventional of men in his daily life was daring and unconventional in his art.'

To verify this statement, one only needs to turn to pictures such as 'Cottage At Aldbury.' Indeed we have here a different vision of the man whose 'outer' life had no story. This water-colour, like all his best work, seems to have served as an outlet for all that which was apparently dormant in the heart of De Wint; his great love for nature and the true aesthetic thrills its changing moods gave him. The trees, the grass, the roads, the cattle, and the houses he paints have a smiling loveliness and a freshness that are the antithesis of what one would expect from this stern, rigid, law-abiding individual. His colours reach out to us like the rich notes of a Chopin Etude played in forte with a deep and tender touch.

In his many beautiful water-colours, so dearly prized to-day by the refined collectors, Peter De Wint, forgetting the serious business of being God's most respectful servant, unconsciously allowed God's inspiration to guide him,

and despite himself expressed in his art the God-given beauties and wealth of his inner self. The value and merit of the book lie in the very emphasis which the introduction and the reproductions lay on the sharp contrast existing between the personality of this nineteenth century painter and his art.

J. B. S.

POSTERS AND PUBLICITY 1929, edited by F. A. Mercer and W. Grant (The Studio; pp. 164; illustrations and colour prints; 7/6).

This publication maintains the high standard of its predecessors. The former grouping under country of origin has been abandoned and in its place we have a more natural arrangement which gives us examples of Photography, Poster, or Booklet more or less together and convenient for comparative study. The first reaction of a layman to this collection is one of pity for the consumer. What chance has the man in the street against applied psychology backed by artistic talent? It is fortunately a fact that as yet the general level of advertising is far below that shown here. Were it not so, no man's savings or credit would be safe; certainly no married man's.

The chief interest in this year's work is the marked improvement in the use of the photograph for advertising. We have long suffered from the Film Star and the most popular man in—college type of photography, but the combination of Camera and Design has been very rare. Some of the examples shown here are a revolution in composition and form. The arrangement of object, shadow, and background would do credit to any worker in still-life effects. Since the photograph plays a hundred to one part in our lives as compared with other forms of graphic expression, it is well that its use in advertising should be the subject of intelligent experiment.

In the Poster section it is hard to pick out the best where the general average is so high. If we were awarding prizes, the first would probably go to Ernst Franke for his 'Vienna Fair'; and the second to Mouron-Casandre, for his black and white 'Close Up' of a locomotive driving wheels, done for the L. M. S. Railway Company. As an example of the uninspired type of advertisement the Empire Marketing Board and Rhodesian Tobacco may be noted; though John Dewars four variations on the old 'Spirit of

his Ancestors' theme are almost as dull.

One is struck by the relative scarcity of American examples in this book. The fact that there is now an American volume, *The Advertisers Parade*, may account for this. Possibly their best work has been reserved for their own Annual. Certainly there is little work shown in their magazines or on the hoardings of this continent, that can be compared for a moment with what the Studio publishers have collected in their *Posters and Publicity, 1929*.

M. D.

FICTION

HOMEPLACE, by Maristan Chapman (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 275; \$2.50).

This is another novel by the author of *The Happy Mountain*. Readers of that delightful story will not be disappointed in this one. There are differences in tone and pattern. This later book is perhaps lighter in tone; the shadows can be seen hovering over the pages in places, but the storm does not really break. There is more of the shadow of advancing old age; less of the shadow of nigh-thwarted youth. In pattern there is less complexity. That is probably a pretentious way of putting it, when all that is meant after all is that the milieu is more homogeneous. There is no Odyssey in *Homeplace*; one character gets on No. 6 train, but we do not follow him even to the station. Everything takes place in Glen Hazard, that isolated section of the Tennessee hills which Mrs. Chapman knows and loves so well.

In one respect at least the author has set herself a more difficult task in this later book. The characters of *The Happy Mountain* appear again in *Homeplace*, but with the emphasis shifted. Whereas the story of the former novel revolves around the love of Dena Howard and Waits Lowe, that of the latter turns on the love of Dena's sister Bess and Fayre Jones. Herein comes the harder task. Waits Lowe is a hero fit for the normal romance. He is energetic, self-confident, spoiling for a fight. But Fayre does not think quickly, is not admired by the community, does not want to fight. He is not heroic. The author sets to work to justify the love of a high-spirited girl like Bess, and to win for her hero the respect of the neighbours and the reader. Most readers will continue to be more thrilled by Waits; this particular reader is more thrilled by the successful achievement of the harder task by the writer. Nevertheless, it does seem that some little sacrifice of

artistic rectitude has been made in the means employed to achieve the desired end.

But after all, this is carping criticism, for the character development is a minor part of the writer's intention. Character portrayal is a more important part of it; revelation of that poignant hunger for a home-place which is the basis for so much of the stern pioneering of this and other continents is a still more important part, presumably the most important part of that intention. In both of these, Maristan Chapman has achieved remarkable success.

The feature of *Homeplace*, as of *The Happy Mountain*, which serves best to create the charming atmosphere of the stories, which gives individuality and isolation to the little community in which the scenes are laid, is the language. The language of the author is that of the characters of the book, and the language of the characters is an archaic language of the land. Only one actually familiar with the hill country of Tennessee could tell if the author has heightened the poetic quality, the rhythmic beauty of the speech used, and only a linguistic pedant would care.

It is a marvelous medium, full of homely, vibrant, concrete imagery, teeming with rich compounds and vigorous expressions, a language full of unworn poetic glory.

J. D. R.

THREE AGAINST THE GANG, by Norman Blake (Blackie and Son; pp. 207; \$1.00).

Unfortunately the three were separated, so the Gang got a good chance and all but made away with it. But, strangely enough, Mr. Blake himself throws his influence onto the scales and the unexpected happens; for the two and the one (which makes three) reach one's father by telephone (which makes four), and the Gang (which is seven) are all safely stowed away in Parry Sound gaol. This is emphatically where they deserve to be, and where all the excited readers of this excellently-written yarn about Georgian Bay boot-leggers would wish them to be. It is to be feared that Mr. Blake knows Gangs almost as well as he knows boys, for the conversation and behaviour of both camps is equally convincing.

M. A. F.

THE VIRTUE OF THIS JEST, by James Stuart Montgomery (Greenberg-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 325; \$2.50).

This book gives an account of the adventures, mostly discreditable, of an imaginary eighteenth-century scribbler. The construction of the tale is loose and easy-going after the manner of Smollett. At the end is a touch of romance. The young Pretender is on the scene for a moment, and the hero goes to the gallows for meddling in Jacobite affairs. The style aims at a cool eighteenth-century irony and is pleasant enough, though rather self-conscious. Some scenes are meant, I believe, to shock us a little; and some bear a resemblance, rather too close a resemblance, to the Alsatian scenes in *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

R. K. G.

BRIGHT INTERVALS, by Nancy Hoyt (Longman's Green; pp. 246; \$2.50).

There is plenty of movement and variety in *Bright Intervals*. We cross the Atlantic three times, are whisked in and out of the dressing-room of a London theatre, spend a honeymoon in a hotel on the Quai Bourbon, and drink cocktails in a Long Island country

GOD---By J. Middleton Murry

Mr. Murry regards Jesus as a wholly natural phenomenon, but as a supremely significant one: nothing less than the emergence of a new species of the genus homo. He makes clear precisely in what the newness of Jesus consisted, and the cause of its emergence. The magnificent coherence and beauty of the life of Jesus had its origin in the mystical experience. Jesus was wholly obedient to the mystical certainty.

The next step in Mr. Murry's advance is to examine, more deeply than it has ever been done before, the nature of the mystical certainty. He finds that in its essentials it contains nothing contrary to reason. It is an immediate experience of an all-prevading Unity. The life of Jesus, lived to the uttermost in obedience to this experience of Unity, has a surpassing beauty such that it has been the symbol of a possible humanity to the Western world for nearly two thousand years.

To express the fundamental and unassailable beliefs of Jesus in the forms of modern Science is the final and perhaps the most absorbing portion of Mr. Murry's book. He shows clearly the way to a new and necessary advance in Biology—the biology of the fully integrated human personality. In this new and necessary advance of Science, Biology and Psychology are united. \$3.00

With an autobiographical introduction

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, LIMITED
TORONTO 2

house. Lydia, the heroine, has brains, dresses well, swears competently, is not bothered by reverence or reticence, turns out to be an excellent mother, and is much too nice for the husband whom she loses and recaptures.

R. K. G.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY WOMAN, by Anne Ellis (Houghton Mifflin-Allen; pp. 301; \$3.50).

If every way of life could be captured and crystallized like this we should have complete material for social history. An extraordinary woman writes her own life, convinced that she, as well as all the people she meets, are no more than ordinary. The resulting impression is that all ordinary life is intensely interesting, and every experience is unique and worth telling. The author is a woman incapable of basing any view of life on her own limited experience, free from envy, ambition, discontent; an acceptor of herself and others, pre-eminently a just woman. This level vision is rare, and most rare in autobiography. Anne Ellis was born and brought up among the silver miners of Colorado, so to her the life in the mining villages is the normal human existence, and she accepts its roughnesses, its hardships and dangers, its vices, its courage and its kindness, as unquestioningly as she accepts herself and her own limitations. The light she throws on herself and her environment is natural light, and, so illuminated, any way of life would be seen to be infinitely various in mood. You may call a life drab, the prairie flat, the desert monotonous, but that is because you have never looked at any of them with eyes like Anne Ellis's.

M. A. F.

ANIMALS LOOKING AT YOU, by Paul Eipper (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 163; \$3.00).

It is strange what a large proportion of animal lovers approach their subject in a sentimental manner, especially when one considers that animals are about as free from sentimentality as anything that can be studied. But the fact remains that the Marshal Saunders's are far more common than the Hudsons, and it is to be feared that Mr. Eipper belongs to the former class. Had he confined himself to recording his observations in a simple, objective manner, we should have gained greatly, but he is impelled to let his feeling colour all his descrip-

tions, and his feeling is not of that fine stuff which bears the test of expression.

This is unfortunate, for in many ways his book is excellent. He has given a great deal of his time and energy to the observation of birds and animals in German zoological gardens and travelling circuses, and he has displayed remarkable patience in winning their confidence and affection. The result is a series of animal portraits and anecdotes that will delight many readers, and one can recommend the book heartily as a Christmas present for older children. Mr. Eipper is apparently chiefly interested in the great apes and the larger cats, and his descriptions of them are not only the longest but the most successful. The grimness and the pathos of the orangutan and the lithe, terrible beauty of the leopards have made a tremendous impression on him. One will remember long his stories of their anger, fear, and love-making. Naturalists will find here some valuable material for the study of animal behaviour despite the fact that the creature with an affection for the observer is very different from the one which has merely lost its fear of him or which is ignorant of his presence.

The book is illustrated by a large number of careful photographic studies which are remarkably clear and characteristic and greatly enhance its value.

H. K. G.

THE STATUTE LAW OF THE IRISH FREE STATE, 1922 to 1928, by The Hon. Mr. Justice Hanna (Alex. Thom & Co.; pp. xxiv, 101).

This volume presents an interesting review of the statutes of the Irish Free State by Mr. Justice Hanna, now Judge of the High Court and formerly Prosecuting Attorney for the British Crown. The period under review is from the creation of the Free State until the end of 1928, comprising in all some 282

acts. The summaries of this impressive body of legislation are not given chronologically but under subject headings such as Constitutional Law, Finance, Public Safety Laws, Land Laws, Dail Eireann Courts, etc. There is thus provided a useful key within the scope of some 101 pages—including a very complete index—to the whole body of legislation enacted by the Irish Free State since its inception.

There is much evidence in the volume to show that the Irish Free State is at last emerging into a new era of political and economic development as witnessed by the many acts relating to such subjects as: Agricultural Credit, Electricity, Railways, Housing, National Health Insurance, Old Age Pensions, Unemployment, Education, Wireless Telegraphy, etc.

Judge Hanna's book should have a much wider appeal than the confines of his own country where these legislative experiments are being made. Canadians will be especially interested in the development of our latest sister Dominion; while as the Honourable Hugh Kennedy, Chief Justice of the Saorstát Eireann, says in an entertaining foreword to the volume: 'the work has a real living value to other than the members of the legal profession . . . historians and students of politics and economics will find here a mirror of the period.'

A. G. D.

MY LIFE OF MAGIC, by Howard Thurston (Dorrance Co.; pp. 256; \$2.00).

An attractive rather artless story of a great entertainer's life. It is amusing to find that in India Mr. Thurston could discover no native magician who had as much as heard of the celebrated rope trick where the performer throws a rope aloft up which a boy climbs and disappears. Another illusion gone, indeed!

G. N.

LITERARY

COLONIAL AUTHORS are invited to submit MSS of all descriptions for immediate consideration—with a view to Magazine use or book publication. £50 Cash Prizes for poems. Music and Lyrics also published. No reading fees; prompt publication. Current Catalogues and specimen copy of "Writer's Own Magazine" (6d monthly) free. Arthur H. Stockwell Limited, 29, Ludgate Hill, London, England.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN BOOKS

LORD DURHAM, by Chester W. New (Oxford University Press; pp. xiv, 612; \$6.50).

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON AND WILLIAM KIRBY, by Lorne Pierce (Oxford University Press; pp. 71; \$5.00).

THE GREAT FRIGHT, by Madge Macbeth and A. B. Conway (Louis Carrier & Co.; pp. 326; \$2.50).

SIR GEORGE PARKIN, by Sir John Willison (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 278; \$3.75).

NIPSYA, by Georges Bugnet (Louis Carrier & Co.; pp. 286; \$2.50).

OTTAWA LYRICS AND VERSES FOR CHILDREN, by Arthur S. Bourinot (Graphic Publishers; pp. 71; \$1.00).

THE IRON MAN AND THE TIN WOMAN, by Stephen Leacock (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 309; \$2.00).

MEMORIES THAT LIVE, by S. Morgan-Powell (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 282; \$3.50).

THE FLYING CANOE, by J. E. Le Rossignol (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 302; \$2.50).

SANCTUARY SUNSHINE HOUSE SONGS, by Bliss Carman (McClelland & Stewart; pp. viii, 55; \$2.00).

GENERAL

ART FOR CHILDREN, by Anna M. Berry (The Studio; illustrations and colour plates; pp. 150; 7/6).

THE CITY OF CANALS AND OTHER POEMS, by Evan Morgan (Kegan Paul-Musson; pp. xii, 109; 6/-).

WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys (Simon & Schuster-Musson Book Co.; 2 vols.; pp. 966; \$5.00).

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINESE CIVILIZATION, by Richard Wilhelm (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 284; \$4.00).



EDUCATING THE FARMER

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

My attention has been drawn to an article 'Educating the Farmer' by Carl Axelson, which appeared in your September issue.

As an active member and an official in the old Grain Growers' Association, and as a member of the Amalgamation Committee which was instrumental in welding together the S.G.G.A. and the Farmers' Union of Canada into a new Provincial organization known as the United Farmers of Canada, Saskatchewan Section, I naturally feel intensely interested in the latest developments in our Saskatchewan farm organizations.

Several statements in Mr. Axelson's article seem to require further explanation, for such popular movements as our Western farm organizations are seldom so simple as he suggests. Many cross-currents are usually at work and the motives for certain actions do not always come to the surface.

Mr. Axelson, a farmer in Alberta, perhaps does not realize the tremendous struggle which went on for many years between the progressive and conservative elements in the old S.G.G.A.—a struggle which ended in the transfer of power to the more pro-

gressive party. In the meantime, dissatisfied, impatient, and wholly discouraged, the so-called radical element had withdrawn, and with other farmers had formed a new organization, under a Dominion charter, called the Farmers' Union of Canada. Though nominally a Dominion organization, its chief power lay in Saskatchewan, with a few lodges in Alberta and in Manitoba. No reason now existed for two farm organizations in Saskatchewan and amalgamation was suggested. The chief difficulty arose from trying to unite a Provincial and a Dominion organization, but after lengthy negotiations this was overcome and amalgamation consummated to the satisfaction of the majority of the members.

Complete unanimity was not to be expected, but the dissatisfaction of which Mr. Axelson speaks was not confined to members of the Farmers' Union; many of the S.G.G.A. members protested to the last and many still protest, that a mistake was made—evidently believing 'oil and water never mix.' The statement that the S.G.G.A. gained the greatest advantage, and that their spirit dominated the amalgamated body for the first two years sounds rather strange when it is remembered that the first President, the Secretary, Publicity, Organization, and

Accounting Heads, were all old Farmers' Union men, and in the second year so was the Vice-President! The Research Department was during this time in charge of Mr. Geo. F. Edwards, former President of the S.G.G.A. The women officers were chiefly elected from the S.G.G.A. members—this understandable when it is remembered that at first the Farmers' Union did not attempt to gain women members.

If Mr. Axelson claims that the Educational League was responsible for the changes which took place this year, and says 'there were too many right-wing candidates in the running' he practically admits that Mr. Williams, their candidate, was elected on a minority vote. This implies that the League gained by superior tactics—not because their ideas were favoured by the majority of delegates. Further, if the League dominated the Convention why did the delegates vote against one of the chief objects of their programme—entering the political field as an economic group—and this in spite of the fact that political action had been favoured in a majority of the District Conventions? Again, why did the Convention favour 100 per cent. marketing control by legislation when the League programme stands for 'every producer a contract signer.'

We imagine that the explanation can be found in the fact that many remarkable cross-currents were at work in the Convention.

Much of what Mr. Axelson says with reference to the 'split' on the U.F.C. Board can only be hearsay, since he is not a farmer in Saskatchewan and hence cannot be a member of the Saskatchewan organization. Some of his remarks contain too much mere insinuation, and it is scarcely fair to say, when speaking of the resignation of the Secretary to the Head of the Research Department—'Since they do not believe in 100 per cent. marketing control by the Pools they are surely not fit to be employees in the farmers' organization.' It was not 100 per cent. marketing control to which they objected, but the methods employed.

The whole of what happened at the Convention and subsequently is so fraught with danger to the Co-operative movement in Western Canada that I feel obliged to protest against the evident assumption of Mr. Axelson and others that those who do not agree with them are the enemies of progress.

Most of the aims of the Educational League may be heartily endorsed, though personally I fear their tactics are disruptive to the co-operative move-

ment. The split in the farmers' ranks, which brought about the formation of the Farmers' Union, was largely due to reaction against repressive tactics and too much dictatorship; let Mr. Axelson and the League beware of these same pitfalls. Their educational work will never be truly successful unless they are willing to allow full expression of ideas to which they are opposed, and to admit that their opponents may be sincere.

We also believe that 'Co-operative efforts must supersede the present competitive struggle,' and we wish all success to every earnest worker towards that end.

Yours, etc.,

(Mrs.) GEO. A. L. HOLLIS.

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

In the letter under the heading 'Co-operative Ideals,' 'Avalon' criticises the article on 'Educating the Farmer' published in THE CANADIAN FORUM some time ago. My reasons for again trying to deal with this subject is the fact that my critic has either overlooked or misunderstood the work and ultimate objective of the 'Canadian Farmers Educational League.'

In the first place 'Avalon' seems to think that the educational work the League is carrying on is not of the right kind. He holds that the education that the League dispenses is class-education. He says it 'is merely educating (the farmer) to fight back at what he is told are the other antagonistic groups. It does not educate him in the principles of social co-operation but merely in class co-operation.'

These statements reveal such a superficial study and analysis of the present economic system and conclusions drawn therefrom, that I am surprised that they should be written by a man who devotes so much of his time to economic and social problems. This is a class-society. The majority of the people live by working. The minority, on the other hand, have developed the art of maintaining themselves by shirking. In other words by working the workers and farming the farmers. The interest of the workers and the shirkers are antagonistic and for that reason they cannot co-operate. Therefore, whenever they attempt to meet each other through agreements or otherwise it must be effected by some sort of compromise. As a rule such practices end in collaboration, that is, the principles of co-operation and competition are blended so cunningly that it destroys co-operation and perpetuates competi-

tion, and the present system of exploitation of man by man.

That 'Avalon' is just that kind of collaborator is certain, for he says 'All classes must co-operate, the parasites, the sturdy labourers . . . and all others down to the last man and woman.' He seems to forget, or fails to understand, that in order to co-operate effectively the parasites must cease to be parasitic.

It is an historic fact that no parasitic or privileged class has ever voluntarily given up their position and power. Nor do 'the parasites' now show any such inclination. On the contrary they show great determination to maintain things as they are, and to continue their parasitic existence.

Now therefore if there are any more guilty than others for this need to 'start educating (the farmer) all over again' it is men like 'Avalon' and the Right Wing to which he belongs. This is clearly proved by his ideas and by their leadership and trend of endeavour.

On the other hand to quote from the article that 'Avalon' is criticizing: 'The League aims to so educate and organize the farmers that it will result in the establishment of purely co-operative institutions.' This by mobilizing the co-operative forces with the view of securing control of industry and the powers of government. To do this the farmers and Labour must work together. At any rate the poor farmers and Labour will do so because their interests are identical. Being interested in the welfare of those who work, they will abolish exploitation, and by so doing they will make possible a class-less society that finally will bring about a true co-operative commonwealth. This, I know, is a workable programme that will bring results whenever economic necessity compels action. Furthermore, the Left Wing will advocate this until the minority of today becomes the majority of tomorrow.

Yours, etc.,

CARL AXELSON.

A BOOK REVIEW

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

It is perhaps not in good taste for the writer of a book to offer reply to a reviewer's criticism, but there are cases where some reply is necessary, in the interests not merely of the writer but also of the publication containing the review, of the reading public, and of truth itself.

Mr. Ashton's review of my work on *Pixérécourt and the French Romantic Drama*, in your December issue, is the most glaring example of inaccuracy in reviewing that I have ever seen. I hope I may be allowed to point out merely a few of the most palpable errors.

I may say that I quite agree with Mr. Ashton as to the abuse of quotation marks. They were due to an over-zealous desire to acknowledge everything that was not actually my own. In future, when tempted to indulge unduly in the use of quotations, I shall remember the phrase 'typographical measles'—and desist.

But when I am accused of frequently misquoting the Bible and Shakespeare, and of garbling the text of my authorities, I beg leave to deny the charge.

As for the Bible, Mr. Ashton probably refers to a sentence of mine on page 84, which reads: 'It was like the Scriptural example of "putting new wine into old bottles".' Is that a misquotation? Yes, if one wishes to 'split hairs.' I ought to have left the word 'putting' outside the quotation marks. But I was not quoting directly from the Bible. I was merely using a phrase that is often heard and seen.

The one possible Shakespearean misquotation is the phrase 'falls on t'other side,' which occurs on page 53. It is true that I did not consider it necessary to examine all the available editions of Macbeth in order to decide on the exact wording of the phrase. It is on such evidence as this that I am accused of frequently misquoting the Bible and Shakespeare.

But I am charged with something

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PROGRAMME, 1930

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

- Fifteenth Annual Visit of Teachers**
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Switzerland and Germany)
- Seventh Annual Visit of University Undergraduates**
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Great Britain and France (together with Geneva and Oberammergau)
- Fourth Annual Summer School in French**
(For Teachers and Students)
Lycée Victor Duruy, Boulevard des Invalides, Paris
- Second Annual Summer School in English**
(For Teachers and Students)
Oxford, Stratford-upon-Avon, London
- First Annual Summer School in Spanish**
(In co-operation with the University of Liverpool)
Santander, Spain
- First Annual Summer School of Music**
(For Teachers and Students)
Paris, Oberammergau, Munich, Bayreuth, Dresden, Berlin, London
- First Annual Summer School of Folk Dancing**
(In co-operation with the English Folk Dance Society)
Oxford (Lady Margaret Hall) Malvern and London.

TRANSPORTATION ARRANGEMENTS—Summer, 1930

EASTBOUND SAILINGS—

- "Empress of Scotland," May 28th from Quebec to Southampton.
"Minnedosa," June 21st from Montreal to Glasgow.
"Empress of Australia," July 2nd from Quebec to Cherbourg and Southampton.

WESTBOUND SAILINGS—

- "Empress of Australia," August 23rd from Southampton and Cherbourg to Quebec.
"Empress of Scotland," August 30th from Southampton and Cherbourg to Quebec.

Members desiring to sail before May 28th or to return before or after August 30th, can secure reservations on other sailings through the League. Rates will be quoted on application.

Application forms containing the usual detailed information regarding the various items of the League's programme for 1930 are available at the Offices of the OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE, Boyd Building, WINNIPEG, FRED J. NEY, Honorary Organizer.

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TORONTO, ONT.

worse, viz., with garbling the text of Gautier's *Histoire du Romantisme*. If Mr. Ashton will be so good as to look again at page 27 of my book he will see (1) that note 4 refers *not* to the phrase to which he attaches it but to a totally different phrase, (2) that the sentence he accuses me of garbling has no reference attached to it. Then if he will turn to the chapter on Bouchardy in his edition of Gautier's *Histoire* he will find (page 183 or thereabouts) the exact words of the quotation as I gave it. I did not imagine it would be necessary to give chapter and verse for *every* quotation, however unimportant, especially as the title of the work quoted from was given.

Mr. Ashton suggests (if I rightly understand his question mark) that *Marion de Lorme* ought to have been written *Marion Delorme*. I prefer to write the name as I find it written in

every edition of Hugo that I can find. As to the 'naiveté' of my remark (in a footnote) to the effect that Marion is really the hero of the play, we are surely not to take for granted that because a character bears the title-role he or she is *necessarily* the hero.

As a final example of Mr. Ashton's inaccuracy I might point out that the chapter headings in Hugo's *Han d'Islande* that are derived from *Bertram* are in French and hence can scarcely be quotations from the 'English original'.

There are several other points to which I might reply, Mr. Editor, but this letter is already too long. Suffice it to say that the errors I have pointed out are sufficient to destroy any faith one might have had in the rest of the review.

Yours, etc.,

A. LACEY.

THE LITTLE THEATRES

LOYALTIES

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

at the Hart House Theatre, Toronto,
Nov. 25-30, 1929.

THE Hart House Theatre cannot honestly be congratulated on its choice of *Loyalties* for the first play of this season. This is a work that must be taken either as trash or as irony. At the first glance we discover a third-rate cinema scenario, painfully tame and obvious most of the time, securing relief from this tameness by spasmodic and ludicrous incursions of cheap melodrama. Nothing of importance is omitted except a cheque torn slowly into pieces and thrown in somebody's face. Otherwise we are well provided: the Jew, first strident, then baffled, at last quietly but firmly triumphant (he reminds me of a music-hall song I knew many years ago which I cannot help quoting for its Thucydidean concision of syntax:—

'Only a Jew,' the insult I remember;
'Only a Jew'; then why not Christian too?

I am sorry to ramble so . . .); our exhibits include also the giddy society girl—the aunt-shocker who has grown a worse bore than her aunt; the man who takes the only way out old fellow, and leaves his inevitable letter; the seduction that accounts for the theft; the young wife who will wait at the prison-gate with a brave smile for the new life now opening; the elaborate yet

absurdly unconvincing device whereby a large sum of money lies about loose in a bedroom; the fatuous clubman (Tuppy in *Lady Windermere's Fan* has produced a large family); above all, the ineffable Colford, that parody of a Kipling *fidus Achates*—the 'my-God-but-he-belongs-to-my-old-school' type. One's first feeling is that the play should be renamed 'Nullities.'

But wiser counsels soon prevail. There is something after all in the critic's remark in the epilogue of *Fanny's First Play*: 'Who is the author? Tell me that; and I'll place the play for you to a hair's breadth.' For it is out of the question to suppose that Mr. Galsworthy meant all this rubbish seriously; even Pinero (after 1890) could not have done it. You would as soon find Mr. Noel Coward sending a woman on to cry 'my chee-ild! my chee-ild!' in the snow. *Loyalties* in fact is one more presentation of the bland yet ruthless Galsworthian irony, another exposure of the haw-haw class, more politely known as the best people, or the English upper classes; it embodies the same idea as *The Silver Box* and *The Skin Game*, but not so well, for the irony is not quite clear enough and the lesson therefore less obvious. Galsworthy has taken a cheap ready-made crook-and-country-house theme so that his social satire may blaze through unhindered by any distracting subtleties of

construction or characterization. He shows once more the moral bankruptcy of the English military class—the cad Dancy, who contrives at every moment to do the perfectly wrong thing with an air; Winsor and Canynge, thoroughly decent and admirable men so long as all goes well and the butler doesn't shake the port, who collapse when real trouble arises, shield a thief and, when he is unmasked, conspire to defeat justice; and that horrible masterpiece Major Colford, the man who claims to serve his country when he is only serving his caste, the sinister hero of Amritsar and Denshawai, the chuckle-headed paladin who so persistently leads towards disaster whatever interests he controls: disaster averted only by tradesmen like Gilman and clerks like the nameless satellite of Twisden, people woefully untouched by the public school spirit.

Then why assert that the Hart House Director has made a bad choice? Because a Canadian audience, taken in the mass, cannot be expected to appreciate the nuances of such a play—for the simple reason that no audience on the planet would appreciate them unless they happened to be picked from people familiar with that subtle nexus of traditions, virtues, vices, fashions composing the English idea of 'an officer and a gentleman.' Even of those who do understand all this, practically no one can define a gentleman; the best definition I know is: 'a man who is not afraid of a butler.' Observe Winsor's remark when De Levis has gone after launching his terrible accusation: 'Did you ever see such a dressing-gown?' Scarcely anyone in the world outside London, Berlin and Vienna could make anything of *Loyalties* save a straight melodrama of love, crime and devotion. Read the comment in the second number of *The Curtain Call*: 'The play has all the qualities essential to popular appeal—humour, suspense, pathos and tragedy.' That is what I mean. The audience laughed at the English policeman's unfamiliar uniform: they did not laugh at the far quainter uniform of snobbery, lies, and social cowardice that arrayed the others. If the Director had put on *Agamemnon* in Greek, they would have stayed away because 'we don't know the language'; neither do they know this language. Next morning, a few hours after I saw *Loyalties*, my glance fell on a newspaper paragraph headed 'Hunting Fatality.' It appeared that a fireman, out shooting had accidentally killed someone. Again, that is precisely what I mean. If General Canynge had heard anyone call shooting hunting he would have turned

Wet, Slippery Pavements

call for special care

THE chances for motor accidents multiply greatly on pavements which are wet or covered with snow or ice. Even when equipped with chains, an automobile will not stop in so short a distance as on a dry pavement.

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On slippery pavements that are free from traffic, practice this method of controlling your automobile. The skill you acquire may prevent an accident and perhaps save a life.

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Driving in fall and winter has its dangers both in city and country. By schooling yourself in handling your machine on wet or slippery pavements, your driving will be safer for yourself and for other drivers. Remember your automobile is a machine. It does just what you make it do.

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pale-green: 'Damme, sir, this club is supposed to consist of gentlemen.' These tiny things are the real barriers between societies and nations, and it is precisely such things that give the officer-and-gentleman idea its character and pungency: the great and real merits may be, and are, possessed by people utterly outside the pale. Therefore, to present these shibboleths here is to perform a disservice to dramatic art. People who know that Galsworthy is a fine dramatist will imagine that this play, as they misunderstand it, is fine art, with results to native dramatic composition that will set us back at the era of *The Profligate* or even *A Heart of Gold*.

But the acting was excellent. It would be difficult to find another company of amateurs as accomplished as those whom Edgar Stone the Director has so fortunately at his disposal: one notes with interest that he is recruiting vigorously from members of the University. H. E. Hitchman surpassed even his own wonderful record: his blandly fatuous Gilman was studied down to the faintest tendril of inflection, glance and gesture, yet gave no evidence of labour; it was a flawless and utterly delightful performance. Ivor Lewis did not surpass himself, because that seems hardly possible: his presentation of the dignified, shrewd and deep old solicitor was mere perfection. The others had less obvious chances, perhaps, of virtuosity—save indeed Robert Finch as De Levis, a long and exacting part admirably felt and beautifully sustained; but they were all charmingly competent. This is by no means all. The whole thing was magnificently orchestrated: however skilful individuals might be, their work was woven into the complete presentation with a consummate mastery the credit for which is unmistakably due to the Director himself. In short, the acting and the producing at Hart House have reached a high level of attainment. Give us better chosen plays and we shall possess a really satisfying amateur theatre.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

OSHAWA

JOHN CRAIG'S production of *Alice Sit-by-the-fire* for the Oshawa Little Theatre was a delight. The play, less popular with amateurs, though one wonders why, than *Quality Street*, which belongs to the same early Edwardian period, is one more variant on the Don Quixote theme of life imitating fiction, and demands a deli-

cate, even mannered treatment. There is nearly always, behind the Barrie pathos and pseudo-pathos, a subtle waft of air from fairy land that keeps the work on the right side of the boundary between sensibility and sentimentality; but the players must understand the danger and walk warily. That is what the Oshawa people did, and the result was a technical and artistic success.

So good was the production that it required a mental effort to shift one's point of view from time to time and try to observe how it was done. It was done, it seemed to me, by constant and exact attention to every detail of speech and movement; the actors, one would say, were very intimate with the characters they were playing, so that they understood, or had at least tried to understand, the meaning and necessity of every gesture, and the relation of every speech to its context and to the whole; and there had been much drill until the play emerged as a smooth rhythm of speech and motion. Light and shade were dramatic, not electrical, and the company had clearly a conception of the acting ideal, namely, a play that would go across if done in daylight on a bare stage.

All this, of course, is not to say that the rhythm never faltered, that the tempo was never broken; that would be absurd; there were inevitable lapses and fidgetings, and a false note was struck here and there. What I mean is, that the players knew what they were after, and got near enough to it (55 per cent. of their capacity, the Director said, but he was modest) to make a theatre evening that will not easily be forgotten. While the Little Theatre page is not as a rule much concerned with individual performances, exception must be made to mention the ability and charm that Miss Zoe Rapson brought to her impersonation of Amy Grey, and to praise a

group of skilful comedy bits in the below-stairs rôles that Barrie writes so well.

The difficult little stage was admirably treated with a pretty but unobtrusive setting that harmonized well with the texture and humour of the play, and the lighting was competently illuminating.

A note in the programme sets the première of *Alice* in 1906 with Ethel Barrymore. As a matter of fact it belongs to 1905, the year after *Peter Pan*. If memory serves, I saw Ellen Terry in the title rôle at the Duke of York's. Two years before that Barrie had launched three plays, of which *Quality Street* and *The Admirable Crichton* still live, while *Little Mary*, which means 'tummy' in case you forget or are rather young, left small trace except an ephemeral bit of polite slang.

Something there is in Barrie that recalls the quaint prettiness of Mari-vaux, who is to the drama what his contemporary Watteau was to painting. Little Theatre people looking for a new field might find it in the adaptation of *Le jeu de l'amour et du hasard*, that charming study of love's young dream in powder and patches. It would present interesting but soluble problems in acting and directing, and if well done would be sure to please, and it has the advantage of a small cast with good women's parts.

R. K. H.

WINNIPEG

WHAT follows may, to many ears, sound a somewhat jaundiced account of Little Theatre activities in Winnipeg. Perhaps it is, but let the cold facts be set down first lest it be thought that prejudice guides the pen. It is commonplace in Little Theatre circles to hear superior sniffs at what is known as 'the commercial theatre,'



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by which is meant the efforts of some perfectly honest theatrical manager to provide bread and butter for the family he is raising to the glory of God. In the sniff is implied the fact that the 'commercial theatre' caters to the largest pocketbook or, in other words, quantity production not quality production is its aim. If *The Trial of Mary Dugan* is sure fire, why bother with Shakespeare, Strindberg, and other dead ones? The thing is to get the people in, no matter by what means. In contradistinction to the sordid aim of the 'commercial theatre,' the Little Theatre, so runs the legend, exists not to make money, but to provide that relief from superficiality and mob appeal upon which 'the commercial theatre' depends. Logically, the argument is flawless, but consider the chilling facts. In Winnipeg the 'commercial theatre' has already given us *Journey's End*, a week of excellent Shakespeare by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival Players, a week of Bernard Shaw by Maurice Colbourne and, it is reported, will give us *Strange Interlude*.

The Little Theatre, for its opening, presented to our pained gaze Barrie's unimportant tit-bit *Shall We Join the Ladies*, a piece of bakeshop pastry by Louise Saunders entitled *The Knave of Hearts*, and *The Last Supper* by Schnitzler. Only in the last named could any striving toward the object of a Little Theatre be discerned.

Far be it from us to disparage the Little Theatre movement—it has given us too many pleasant evenings. But, more in sorrow than in anger, we set down these sad and incontrovertible facts. Doing so we murmur a mild protest. The producers were Tannis Carson, Ruth Jewett, and Lady Tupper. Excellent settings were designed by John Russel, Fred Cunningham, and Francis Taylor. In a mass of downright bad acting the performances of Florence Allan, Cecelia Kerrigan, Kenneth Hawker, Reginald Jones, and Robert Sharman stood out prominently. On the whole, however, the acting talent seems to have dropped to a very low ebb. It is less acting than a class in the early stages of elocution lessons. However, we are promised better things later on in the winter. We await production of the silver lining to the cloud.

JOHN HURLEY.

A PRIZE FOR A PLAY

THE Director of The University of Toronto Extension Course in Drama, Mr. H. A. Voaden, announces that two prizes, of respectively \$100 and \$50, are offered by the Literary Society

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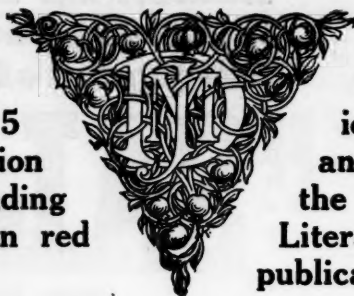
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